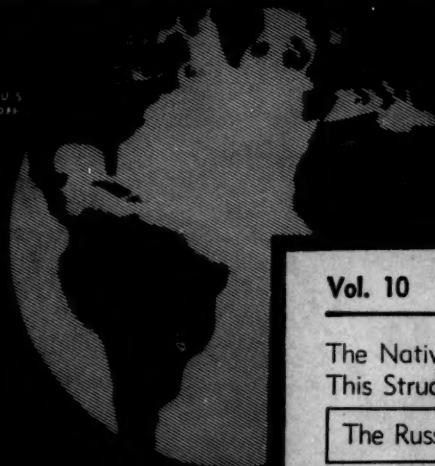


Catholic Digest

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CATHOLIC DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

He that is to come will come, and will not delay: and there shall no more be fear in our borders. For He is our Saviour. He will put away our iniquities, and He will cast all our sins into the bottom of the sea. For He is our Saviour. Glory be to the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. For He is our Saviour.

From Matins of the third Sunday of Advent.

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

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The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and books, and upon non-Catholic sources as well, when they publish Catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic publications. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: For the rest, brethren, all that is true, all that is seemly, all that is just, all that is pure, all that is lovable, all that is winning—whatever is virtuous or praiseworthy—let such things fill your thought.



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The Nativity

By SAINT MATTHEW

Reprinted from the New Testament*

And this was the manner of Christ's birth. His mother Mary was espoused to Joseph, but they had not yet come together, when she was found to be with child, by the power of the Holy Ghost. Whereupon her husband Joseph (for he was a right-minded man, and would not have her put to open shame), was for sending her away in secret. But hardly had this thought come to his mind, when an angel of the Lord appeared to him in a dream, and said, Joseph, son of David, do not be afraid to take thy wife Mary to thyself, for it is by the power of the Holy Ghost that she has conceived this child; and she will bear a son, whom thou shalt call Jesus, for he is to save his people from their sins. All this was so ordained to fulfil the word which the Lord spoke by his prophet: Behold, the virgin shall be with child, and shall bear a son, and they shall call him Emmanuel (which means God with us). And

Joseph awoke from sleep, and did as the angel of the Lord had bidden him, taking his wife to himself; and he had not known her when she bore a son, her first-born, to whom he gave the name Jesus.

Jesus was born at Bethlehem, in Juda, in the days of King Herod. And thereupon certain wise men came out of the east to Jerusalem, who asked, Where is he that has been born, the king of the Jews? We have seen his star out in the east, and we have come to worship him. King Herod was troubled when he heard it and all Jerusalem with him; so that he assembled all the chief priests and learned men among the people, and enquired of them where it was that Christ would be born. And they told him, at Bethlehem in Juda; so it has been written by the prophet: And thou, Bethlehem, of the land of Juda, art far from the least among the princes of Juda, for out of thee will arise a lead-

*Chapter 1, verses 18-25, and 2:1-12. Ronald A. Knox translation. 1944.

Sbeed & Ward, New York City, 3. 573 pp. \$3.

er who is to be the shepherd of my people Israel. Then, summoning the wise men in secret, Herod questioned them closely upon the time of the star's appearing. And he sent them on their way to Bethlehem, saying to them, Go, and enquire carefully for the child, and when you have found him, bring me back word, so that I too may come and worship him. They obeyed the king and went on their journey; and all at once the star which they had seen in the east was there going before them,

till at last it stood still over the place where the child was. They, when they saw the star, were glad beyond measure; and so, going into the dwelling, they found the child there, with his mother Mary, and fell down to worship him; and, opening their store of treasures, they offered him gifts, of gold and frankincense and myrrh. Afterwards, because they had received a warning in a dream forbidding them to go back to Herod, they returned to their own country by a different way.

This Struck Me

E. I. Watkin describing the state of "Transforming Union" in the mystic, as explained by St. John of the Cross, showed me what real saints search for; how they differ from the world-hating, holier-than-thou lovers of asceticism for its own sake, like the Manicheans and Jansenists of today.

Every vision of physical beauty, every melody of earthly music, sunset light after rain, scarlet poppies ablaze in the cornfields, the furnace of an August moon rising behind dark fir trees, the still ecstasy of a summer garden at night, the ever-changing sea, dawn enthroned on the hills, the perfect forms of the Parthenon frieze, the lucent and joyful colors of Angelico, an organ thundering through the lofty vaults of a Gothic minster, violins thrilling with love and yearning with desire, the magic of a plain-chant Jubilus, the music of Wagner, soul-searching and soul-burning, his mighty storms of passion, his softer notes of tender mournful longing, his raptures of triumphant possession, the love-lit eyes of some dear face, the tones of a voice, precious alike for the singer's sake and the song, all these are possessed here in the perfect fulfillment of that divine Reality of which they were but shadows and sacraments.

The confident naturalism of the early Greeks, and of ourselves, too, during a few favored moments when we feel that this earthly life is good and beautiful, and nature the all-sufficient key-bearer and dispenser of Reality, but destroyed long since by bitter experience, returns once more fulfilled and transcended by this new life of supernature triumphant and complete.

The ancient Beauty is ever as new as its first vision. The entire life and history of mankind, alike individual and social, is a yearning and a striving, unconscious or conscious, ill or well-directed toward the boundless ocean of the Unlimited.

(The Philosophy of Mysticism. Harcourt, New York, 1920.)

For similar contributions of about this length with an explanatory introduction \$25 will be paid on publication. We are sorry, but it will be impossible to acknowledge or return contributions.

The Russia That Was and Is

Workers of the Soviet, arise!

By ALEXANDER BARMINE

Condensed chapter of a book*

Alexander Barmine was born in Russia, served at the front with the Red Army, entered the General Staff College, and graduated in 1923 with rank of brigadier general. He is 45.

The foreign trade office sent him abroad, and he studied political life in Europe, Asia, and Africa. It was during this period that he saw how democracies fall and dictatorships arise, and in 1937, while chargé d'affaires in Athens, he broke with the Soviet regime. He was granted asylum in Paris; started his career in the U. S. in 1940 as a worker in a metal factory; in 1942 entered the U. S. Army as a private; he has since become an American citizen.

Since 1937, Barmine has published numerous magazine and newspaper articles, and a book, *Memoirs of a Soviet Diplomat*, which attracted international attention. *One Who Survived* is his latest book.

During the years since the Moscow trials of 1936-38, I have spent many days and many sleepless nights thinking deeply about the whole problem of the Russian Revolution. I have tried my best to see clearly to what result, after all those years of effort and sacrifice, it has arrived.

Lenin's idea of socialism rested upon two major assumptions: that, under a collectivized economy, production would rise very much higher than it can under capitalism; and that the exploited wage workers would get the main benefit of this increased production, exploitation having ceased. The Soviet economic system, together with Stalin's totalitarian political regime, have refuted both assumptions.

Having worked actively in both industry and commerce during the two five-year plans, I know well by first-hand experience that the despotic and bureaucratic administration of Russia's economic life canceled out the benefits we had expected a collectivized economy to bring. More, not less, could have been accomplished by ordinary individual business-like enterprise, without the merciless driving of workers and clerks and the shooting of honest executives and engineers by the political taskmasters and GPU gendarmes, experts in nothing but ruthlessness. The extra energies expended under the persuasive name of "planning" only led to fresh wastage, breakdown, and renewed but equally ill-considered experiments, the cost of which must be reckoned in billions of rubles.

The other basic assumption of socialism, that in a collectivized economy the exploitation of the workers would cease, has been even more appallingly refuted by reality. The Russian workers receive a much smaller share of the product of their toil than the workers in any capitalist country, smaller than the workers under the czar. And it is so small, not only because the capitalist's share is taken by the new bureaucracy occupying a privileged position in the state, but because an even greater share is used up in the sheer waste

**One Who Survived*. Copyright, 1945, by Alexander Barmine. Courtesy G. P. Putnam's Sons, 2 W. 45th St., New York City. 19. 337 pp. \$3.75.

and inefficiency of bureaucratic mismanagement.

No one in the outside world, even those who have penetrated beneath the faked Soviet statistics, knows to what a state of abject slavery the Russian workers have gradually been reduced. It is necessary to have lived in Russia during recent years to realize this.

The essential question is this: How much of the social produce is returned to the worker through wages and the social services of the state? Judged by this criterion, the Russian workers, on the eve of the war and after 25 years of the socialist experiment, could honestly be compared only with the pariahs of India or the *fellahin* of Egypt. Indeed, their real condition is worse. For, if the workers of Egypt and India receive miserable wages, they also pay meager prices for what they consume. The Stalinist price and labor policies not only keep wages at incredibly low levels, but keep the goods consumed by the worker's family inordinately high in price. Thus the pariah of the "workers' state" is robbed not once but twice.

In the early days of the Revolution, unheard-of privileges were extended to the wage workers: comfortable rooms and houses to live in, exemption from taxes, vacations on pay, free rest houses, free schooling, free theater tickets, free medicines, the right to buy food at special reduced prices, etc. As the dream of a high socialist production turned into the nightmare of bureaucratic inefficiency, and the "work-

ers' state" into totalitarian serfdom, privileges, one by one, were withdrawn. Instead of enjoying the new life so triumphantly extended to them by Lenin after the seizure of power in their name, the Russian workers, a quarter of a century later, have the greatest difficulty in keeping themselves in food and clothing. Except for a favored few, it is no better in regard to lodging. To top it all, in 1939, when the five-day week was abolished, the hours of labor were increased with no corresponding increase in the week's wages. The war brought still worse conditions, but I am not speaking now of emergency measures. Before the war began, the real wage of the Russian worker was very much lower than it was at its worst under the czarist regime.

I have not been able, like so many, to hide those facts from my mind. I see plainly what has happened: The state ownership of the machinery has been a failure, and the working class, instead of gaining freedom, has paid increased misery for this failure.

The two factors formed a vicious circle: the more the state-owned machinery failed, the more the workers had to suffer, and the more they suffered, the more surely the machinery failed. Exhaustion, next to bureaucratic inefficiency, was the chief cause of the low factory output. And this cause was visible. The workers were badly fed, badly housed, worn out by overwork, and weakened by continuous semistarvation.

Of course, the whole level of life in

Russia is so low that even those who live in luxury cannot command all the riches familiar in the western world. But the gulf between their lives and those lived by the workers is wider, not narrower, than in America. And the workers, facing starvation, are not so easily forgetful of this gulf as the visiting foreigners.

Let me recall in more detail the life lived by a member of the Soviet privileged class as I observed it before the war. In Moscow he is quartered in the government building, where he has an eight-room flat, luxuriously furnished, and two servants. For holidays he has "Villa No. X of the Executive Committee," with a personnel of two, three, or four servants paid by the state, a private cinema if he so wishes, guest rooms, and equipment for all sorts of games—the whole also paid for by the state. He has an "order formula" which he has only to fill out to have lavish meals supplied for his family, servants, and as many guests as he likes. The government will foot the bill. One or two cars, with chauffeurs, are at his disposal. If he wishes anything, no matter how costly, he has only to use the telephone. His son is treated as though his father were a millionaire, with state servants at his beck and call, toys imported from abroad, famous doctors to attend him when he is ill. He knows he has only to ask, and papa will put through a telephone call. Should this high official feel like taking a holiday for his health in the Caucasus or the Crimea, he will find everywhere the same luxury, will

always travel with his family in sleeping-car compartments, special coaches, or even special trains, at the public expense.

If any change has occurred after four years of war, it is an increase in misery for the toiling masses, not any decrease in luxury for those who live as I have described. The war has only widened the already vast gulf between the privileged bureaucracy and the masses.

There is a *new kind* of class rule and exploitation in this supposedly classless society, and anyone who imagines it is *less* crude and violent than in democratic countries is dangerously deceiving himself. It is *more* crude and violent, and is made still more repellent to the moral sense by the all-pervading hypocrisy of the "workers' state."

The worker in this workers' state has not only insufficient food and clothing to sustain his life energy, but he has no means of improving his lot. In his individual capacity he dare not protest. In his corporate capacity, as a trade union, he cannot strike. His union is a "company union"; and the company, the owner of his job, is the state. The state is the boss, the strike-breaking agency, and the police all rolled into one; it is in direct and absolute control of the unions, which are simply part of the police machinery. At a wave of the hand, by some decree or some tricky manipulation of prices, real wages can be (and have been) reduced and hours increased without compensation. But the workers have no power to resist. They have no press,

no platform, nor single soapbox from which even to remind the boss of a promise.

The Soviet bureaucracy has become in every essential respect an exploiting class. Although it nominally owns no property and holds no title to the means of production, it controls the state, which does hold such title. The state, nominally the owner of industry and nominally socialist, is actually the instrument of a new and more efficient, and more dreadful, system of degrading and stealing from the toiling masses.

Abolishing private property in the means of production does not abolish the exploitation of man by man—Stalin has taught us that at least!

His regime has proved that socialism as the society of the free and equal is unattainable through "proletarian dictatorship." It leaves me also certain that such a society is unattainable through any scheme involving monopoly ownership of a nation's economy by the state. The failure in Russia is due not only to the growth of a regime of privilege out of party dictatorship, but to an organic contradiction between human character and the proper operation of such an economy. I could cite thousands of facts which prove this assertion and prove that the Russian experience is not peculiar, but teaches a general lesson to the whole world. A real betterment of life conditions for the masses can be best achieved under a democratic system, with private enterprise and competition, held within reasonable bounds

by a progressive social administration, but neither owned, as in Russia, nor strangled, as it was in Germany, by the state.

After the experiences of the five-year plans, those Soviet leaders who had any realism or flexibility began to sense the impossibility of achieving socialism through dictatorship, and to turn their minds toward political democracy. Stalin himself, in my judgment, became convinced of this impossibility. Although his idea of socialism was far from what most of us meant by the term, I think that, such as it was, he worked for his idea sincerely for some time. But gradually he lost his faith. And he abandoned it definitely in the period ending in the Kirov assassination (Dec. 1, 1934).

Stalin was enough a pupil of Lenin to know that the nationalization of industry and agriculture would justify itself, and socialism succeed, only if production rose higher in Soviet Russia than in the capitalist states, and only if the Russian workers and peasants enjoyed a higher standard of life than that enjoyed by workers of other countries. The frenzied effort of the five-year plans, and their essential failure, demonstrated to Stalin that without individual competition, without the motive of individual gain, production can never be raised so high as in the capitalist states. It placed before him a momentous choice: either to relax the dictatorship and let the Soviet state develop somewhat along the lines of western democracy, or to abandon, together with the socialist idea, all

ideas of liberty and equality and follow the example of the fascists and nazis.

Stalin encouraged for a while, or consented to, the democratic tendency as advocated by the best of the Old Bolsheviks. He played for a while with the fiction of a democratic constitution. But, when Kirov swam into prominence as its true leader, Stalin realized that democracy would spell the end of his power. With the example of Hitler's blood purge before him and the knowledge that at that game no man could outdo him, he decided for dictatorship as against democracy. From that date he deliberately discontinued his efforts to improve the lot of the working classes or decrease their exploitation. He bent his will toward organizing a society based upon the ruthless exploitation of masses of men deprived of all rights in the interest of a privileged minority which would serve as the backbone of a totalitarian regime.

All this does not mean that Stalin has withdrawn support from the so-called "communists" who are maneuvering for power in other countries. If he wishes to do that, he needs only speak a single word in the right quarters. But it does mean, in my opinion, that he is using their maneuvers only to weaken those countries and enhance his own and Russia's power. He will extend his totalitarian caste system to as many other countries as he can, and it is fantastic to pretend that he is "fostering democracy" or "going back toward capitalism" in Russia or anywhere else. He cannot do

that without weakening his own position. His instinctive drive is toward power, and he will defend Russia's power in the world by undermining the democracies, just as he defended his own power within Russia by killing all those who began to see that democracy was the true solution of her problems.

The Russian people have fought heroically in a war for a democracy and a freedom which they do not possess. They have fought with the hope—all of them who are politically conscious and still bold enough to think—that they might achieve democracy at the end of the war. But now what is promised them by those English and American diplomats and journalists who come home singing the praises, not of them, but of the Stalin regime? A perpetuation of their slavery! A making fast of totalitarian oppression in the name of democratic victory!

"You fought so well for freedom because you are enslaved," the admirers of Stalin's regime are saying to them. "As a reward we will consecrate your slavery. We will even consent to call it democracy."

That is the position of those who put the heroic victory of the Russian people to the credit of Stalin's totalitarian regime. They are endangering the future of world democracy, and they are stabbing the Russian people in the back.

There are no points where the interests of the U.S. and Russia clash. The two great peoples have a natural liking for each other, and their rela-

tions are logically peaceful and friendly. The main obstacle in the way of making this friendship sure and durable is the stone wall of the totalitarian tyranny surrounding and strangling Russia. Walter Lippmann writes in his book, *U. S. War Aims*:

"While Russia has insulated herself internally against the propaganda of the western constitutional system, we are not insulated, because of our principles of toleration, against the totalitarian propaganda. As long as this inequality exists, there cannot be true collaboration between the Soviet Union and the western world. There can be only a *modus vivendi*, only compromises, bargains, specific agreements,

only a diplomacy of checks and counterchecks. The Russians simply cannot expect the rest of the world to believe in the democratic principles of their new foreign policy if they do not practice those principles at home."

I only want to add that, if the Russians could practice those principles at home, the friendship of the two peoples might be everlasting. To this ultimate end, every thinking and honest American ought to reject the insulting notion that the Russians enjoy their slavery, and ought to understand that they have the same aspiration, and the same right, as Americans and other peoples of the world to a way of living based on "liberty and justice for all."



Death in Chile is as real as in any part of the world. But it does not carry with it the idea of a tie having been broken. The dead are very much present to the thoughts of Chileans.

Jovita gave me a special illustration. She came to the rectory on an errand. She was only ten, and small for her age. Her dress was poor and worn, and she was without shoes and stockings. Nevertheless, Jovita had a pleasant smile and brilliant, dancing eyes.

My little caller asked if I would do her the great favor of accepting a watermelon. I assured her that I should be happy to, and extended my thanks to her and her mother. A conversation never stops with just a few words, so I asked Jovita how many brothers and sisters she had.

There were, Jovita informed me, seven in her family; her father and mother, one sister, herself and three brothers—two of whom had died. But the way the little girl made this statement was what struck me.

"We are," she said, "seven; two are dead."

For the first *are* Jovita used the Spanish verb (*ser*) that denotes a permanent condition. For the second *are* she used the verb (*estar*) that signifies a temporary or passing state. Thus Jovita's words might be freely translated as follows:

"Our family consists of seven members. It happens that two of my brothers are no longer in this world. But that doesn't make any difference. They have just gone away for a while; they have gone to God. They are still members of our family."

Henry A. Dirckx in *Maryknoll, the Field Afar* (Nov. '45).

The Building of St. Peter's

Parish church for the world

By BENJAMIN J. BLIED

Condensed from *Church Property Administration**

Building a new church anywhere is not likely to be an unmixed joy. As soon as word spreads that the pastor is planning a new church, a chorus chants: "Who would dare tear down our venerable old church which has been the scene of so many holy events?" A drive for funds gives rise to a few feuds, and some leave the Church for good. After the plans are drawn, hardly anyone sees merit in them. When work gets under way, it becomes apparent the job is larger than anticipated and will not be done on time. Finally, when the new church is finished and eliciting some favorable comments, a rumor spreads that the building is unsafe. St. Peter's in Rome went through the same stages.

Pope Nicholas V (1447-1455) realized that old St. Peter's could not stand much longer. It was well over 1,000 years old. The building consisted almost half and half of stone and timber. Rats had bored yards deep into the timbers to make nests, and the stone walls were several feet out of plumb. The venerable structure owed its existence to Constantine the Great, who erected it hurriedly around 325, using for the south wall that of Nero's stadium, which was already centuries old. The Emperor honored the tombs of SS. Peter and Paul, but his interests were more in the East than in Rome

and for that reason his best churches were erected in the Orient.

After Constantine's death the church was enlarged to accommodate the crowds of pilgrims. In the passing of centuries great events took place in that church, which eventually came to be a relic and a symbol of the apostolic succession. It took an abundance of money to keep the church in repair, and, after the Popes returned from Avignon, where they had lived without interruption for more than 70 years, numerous repairs were made. But there was bound to come a time when propping and patching would no longer suffice. When Nicholas V decided that the temple of Constantine had to make room for a more glorious creation of piety and art, a storm of criticism descended.

Nicholas conferred with Leon B. Alberti, who was well-versed in the history of architecture. The result of their conversations was the vision of a church some 640 feet long and 320 feet wide, surmounted by a low dome. Not much came of this proposal, but the general idea finally was realized after a lapse of 175 years. Doubtless one of the factors in the choice of a domed building was the fact that in 1419, when Brunelleschi had begun to complete the Cathedral of Florence, his plan called for a huge dome.

Pope Julius II (1503-1513) took up the building project with vigor, and engaged Donato Bramante as architect. Both Julius and Bramante kept the general idea of Alberti, but the latter dreamed of a church 860 feet long. Uninhibited by respect for the past, he planned to move the obelisk and also the tomb of St. Peter, to give the building a different site. Julius did not object to moving the obelisk, but he refused to tamper with the bones of St. Peter.

The old church was torn down piecemeal. On April 18, 1506, Pope Julius laid the foundation stone for one of the four piers which were to support the dome, and in 1507 work was begun on the remaining piers. By the time of Bramante's death in 1514 the four piers and the arches connecting them were complete. The architect is said to have had at his disposal 2,500 men. Although they completed the work quickly, their efforts were in vain. For 30 years this naked skeleton towered over old St. Peter's. Weeds flourished on its top for 30 years, playfully mocking man's inability to finish what he had begun.

Meanwhile, the Pope had enlisted the financial support of European royalty, and an indulgence was offered to those who would contribute to the building fund. In parts of Europe the financial activities of the Holy See had long been unpopular; in 1517 Martin Luther attacked the indulgence and started an antipapal movement which gained numerous adherents in Germany and inspired leaders elsewhere

to desert the Church. This naturally caused a sensation south of the Alps, and before long churchmen had to sidetrack building programs to combat the new movement.

After Bramante died, his office was filled by a relative, Raphael. The latter had not specialized in building, but he had learned something about it from Bramante. Raphael died in 1520, and others such as Peruzzi, San Gallo, and Romano toyed successively with the plans.

Finally Pope Paul III (1534-1549) appointed Michelangelo director of the building program, and the artist retained that office under four additional Popes. Here was a man able to comprehend Bramante's plan, although he modified it substantially. Keeping the idea of a Greek cross for the ground plan, he reduced its size, but he added 100 feet to the height of the dome. When an investigation of Bramante's piers revealed weakness, Michelangelo ordered extensive masonry reinforcements. Michelangelo was more than 70 years old when he undertook the task of building St. Peter's, and, when he died a few days before his 90th birthday, the dome was far from finished.

Other architects, Ligorio, Vignola, Della Porta, and Domenico Fontana continued the work; but when the dynamic Sixtus V (1585-1590) came to the papal throne, he gave orders that the men should work day and night, in shifts. The result was that he saw the last stone of the dome laid in 1590, the year of his death. Spectacular though

this may sound, it is only a sidelight on the life of this energetic Pope who erected a large aqueduct and with equal enthusiasm planned many other material changes in Rome.

It was during his reign that Fontana moved the obelisk to its present position in front of St. Peter's. No such task had confronted an architect for more than 1,000 years, and, although Ammianus Marcellinus (330-395) had written briefly about how an obelisk was hoisted, neither sketches nor models of the equipment could be found. Most architects were of the opinion that it should be kept erect while it was being moved, and a few thought it would be best to tilt it at a 45° angle. Fontana favored lowering it, and he convinced the Pope of the superiority of his plan by building a model of the contraption which he had in mind. On April 30, 1586, the red granite obelisk, 82 feet high and weighing 320 tons, was placed upright on a wooden platform. On May 7 it was lowered; preparations were completed for moving it a quarter of a mile, and on Sept. 10 Fontana with the aid of 800 men, 140 horses, and 40 windlasses raised the colossal needle to its former position. From that moment on, Fontana was world-famous, and, since Sixtus V apparently was fascinated by obelisks, the architect was immediately engaged to hoist several more in Rome.

Clement VIII (1592-1605), erected the altar in the new church. This entralling creation owes its shape to the fertile imagination of Bernini, and its bronze to the ancient Pantheon, which

was plundered for this purpose. In general, no one scrupled about using old buildings for quarries, regardless of fame.

Shortly after 1600 the last parts of old St. Peter's were torn down, and seven years later it was decided that the shape of the church should not be a Greek cross but a Latin cross. So the nave was lengthened and finished at the amazingly early date of 1612. Two years later the front vestibule was completed, and an inscription proclaimed to the world that the great church was finished. Because much remained to be done, the consecration was deferred until Nov. 18, 1626. Since the day was the feast of the dedication of the old basilica, continuity was preserved between the first and second temples which were erected in honor of the Prince of the Apostles.

The obelisk had stood in its new position before new St. Peter's long before Pope Alexander VII (1655-1667) commissioned Bernini to erect the colonnade around the piazza. This had long been planned, and its overpowering dimensions of 1,500 by 787 feet were destined to furnish a proper setting for St. Peter's. Michelangelo rose to greatness by invading the heavens, Bernini by remaining on earth.

From the time of its completion, scholars and artists of all creeds and climes have paid tribute to St. Peter's. Adverse criticisms, many valid, have been made, but no catalogue of defects can obscure the greatness of the whole. Those comments have not ruffled the complacency of the Vatican, but from

time to time word spread that the dome was unsafe. From the beginning down to the days of Pope Pius XII inspections have been made. Almost always the report of the engineers was that slight surface cracks are found in all seasoned buildings and do not indicate structural weakness. Della Porta, the architect who finished the dome, had bound it together with two-inch chains, but since these are imbedded in the masonry it is difficult to appraise their retaining strength. Between 1700

and 1703 five additional chains were stretched horizontally at intervals from the base of the dome to its lantern to provide additional security.

Repairs and improvements are made almost annually. Paradoxically, archaeologists have concerned themselves more and more with the old St. Peter's, which so very gradually gave way to the new St. Peter's, dedicated 1300 years after the basilica of Constantine was raised as a testimonial of his conversion to Christianity.



Riot

Before Bishop William A. Arnold became Chief of Chaplains and set up the present admirable organization, an Army chaplain would often be given odd and incongruous jobs like Post Exchange officer or Recreation officer, or might be appointed counsel for the defense in court martials.

On one occasion in the Philippines a case came up because a private had called a 1st lieutenant a damn fool.

It seems a tough Army sergeant had been given a work detail of 13 men. Because of the intense heat such details worked 20 minutes in the sun, rested 10 minutes in the shade, and everyone agreed that was the right thing to do.

While the detail was resting, a newly arrived lieutenant came by and read the riot act to the men for loafing. After the speech one of the privates was heard to call the lieutenant a damn fool, and the lieutenant preferred charges against him.

During the trial the facts came out as stated, but the chaplain (acting as counsel for the defense) noticed that the sergeant was reluctant to testify. So when he was allowed to cross-examine, it went like this:

Counsel to sergeant: Are you sure the prisoner, in using those words, meant to apply them to the lieutenant?

Sergeant: Yes, sir, reasonably sure.

Counsel: Was he looking at the lieutenant when he said them?

Sergeant: Well, I can't exactly say.

Counsel: Then how do you know he meant the words "damn fool" to apply to the lieutenant?

Sergeant: Because there wasn't any other damn fool around there.

Lesson from Ketteler

Love and watch your enemies

By H. A. REINHOLD

Condensed from *Orate Fratres**

The greatest Catholic social leader of modern ages was Bishop Emmanuel Ketteler. He seized the banner during bloody revolution, unafraid, and worse for him, when his language sounded like "treason to his own class," to the *bienpensants* Catholics of his age. He had a vision and sureness (before Leo XIII, mind you) that can but amaze us of a later day. His courage and frankness never defeated wisdom and prudence, nor did the latter ever deteriorate into that circumlocutional ambiguity which goes about draped as caution. In short: he was a man, a Christian, a Bishop. He thirsted after justice. And he was the first one to open his eyes. From him Count de Mun learned, and inspired France; Bishop Bagshawe and Cardinal Mermillod and our own great John Lancaster Spalding learned, and the late John A. Ryan was one of his greatest and noblest disciples.

Facing this sector of the world, whose prime motive is the same as that of the commissar for heavy industries in Moscow, which is production pure and simple for profits impure and complex, I find myself giving way to suspicion and distrust. I happen to be in very good company: Leo XIII and Pius XI had a few things to say about the basic motives of capitalism which to our great entrepreneurs sound too much

like Karl Marx for their liking. As one of the big men on a quiet walk at a German spa told me in 1932, "Catholic priests are tiresome radicals in our days. They remind me of smoked ham: outside they are black, inside red." He was a very devout Catholic, his son a monk (and in disgrace with his father), and decorated, too. Don't let us fool ourselves. The great lords of enterprise love us only as long as we do not point our searchlight on their machinations which, often accompanied by a curious personal asceticism, a stern ethos of work and personal integrity, are a great sacrifice before the altar of profit.

Ketteler was a giant among his fellows. His courage had gained him a respect even among enemies of the Church. Even Marx's counterpart in the new socialistic movement, Lasalle, expressed his admiration and took him quite seriously.

Bismarck, Germany's mighty Chancellor, was planning to ask the Holy See to create the office of a German primate and to appoint Bishop Ketteler to this office. He deliberately thought of social reforms with the help of Ketteler's great social-reform ideas. He knew that the great Bishop of Mayence, a member of the Reichstag, was strongly opposed to his Machiavellian principles, to his brutal assertion of

*St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn. Oct. 7, 1945.

Prussia's hegemony over Germany, and had not feared to say so on several occasions. With a truly statesmanlike cleverness, he hoped to win the Bishop by making the country really a better place to live in and by undoing what rapacious, imperialistic capitalism was doing to the masses.

It is not known whether the Iron Chancellor was simply daydreaming or serious in these plans. But even as a daydream it was indicative of the prestige the Church enjoyed in those days, in spite of animosity among Protestants because of the Vatican Council and its aftermath. And it is easy to see that this respect was due to the figure of Bishop Ketteler.

Then two things happened. In the Diet, the Catholics cast their lot with labor. Catholic deputies advocated sweeping social reforms. Catholic papers became most critical of the social system. The Church, at least politically, acted as a left-wing force in the newly forged empire, together with hated and feared socialists.

Secondly, a depression hit after a terrific victory boom, called the "founders' years" (so many new enterprises were founded). Scandals broke, especially in the big railroad business. Several members of Bismarck's cabinet were involved; the mud of sordid dealings in shares began to splash the front of Bismarck's own house. And the men who proposed reform began to expose what was happening. Nationalization of railroads was demanded, and later effected.

For years the Chancellor had re-

sisted with scorn and ridicule when his liberalistic and free-enterprise allies and the wealthy *bourgeoisie* and shallow intelligentsia demanded secularization laws against the Church. He was, in spite of his faults, too smart a prince in Machiavelli's sense to fight the Church. He knew it would not pay. It would not even make sense. He mocked those fanatical liberals (in the European sense!) who called for secularization of education and Matrimony and for exclusion of Church influence. Behind his scorn lay the Machiavellian idea that no leader should undervalue the Church as a means of ruling the masses: show her all respect in public and laugh at her with your intimates.

But Bismarck did finally make the fatal mistake of attacking the Church and waging what history calls the *Kulturkampf*, only to lose it and go into eclipse. One must read contemporary writers to see how he was made to yield by sheer blackmail. As a Prussian Junker he had no love for the Pope, but he did have respect for Ketteler as a fellow noble and German Bishop. The Vatican Council had not made him sour enough to yield to the anti-Catholic forces. As he was a statesman of the Machiavellian sort, and Bavaria and South Germany had to be won for the new Protestant Reich, the "prince" must show, not have, respect for the Church.

The Church enemies needed a depression, scandals, to scare the almighty Chancellor. They had to bring him evidence or pseudo evidence that men

like Ketteler meant business and were willing to join hands with radical socialists to reform society. Only then Bismarck forgot Machiavelli and attacked the Church, outlawing the socialists at the same time. His idea was to keep the Church so busy with self-defense that, now without allies in the social field, she would have no time for radical social reform.

He followed this master stroke with another: as the first statesman on the Continent, he introduced his government-sponsored social insurance, old-age pensions, nationalization of utilities, but distorted all this into a paternalistic, undemocratic state machinery which helped to make the people dependent on the state. What had been planned on a democratic and co-operative basis by Bishop Ketteler and his friends as a safeguard of the freedom and dignity of the individual was thus forged into a government handout and made to serve the true masters of the state: the military, the financial bourbons, the anonymous managers of cartels, barons of feudal estates, and their servile friends of the intelligentsia.

The worst of the story is that after Bishop Ketteler, Baron Vogelsang, Reichensperger, and his other great associates were gone, the Catholics of Germany had lost their great leaders and became, protesting and grumbling at first, a cog in the wheel of imperialistic, plutocratic Germany. Their back had been broken, and they always tried

to be 110% Germans after they had been smeared as unpatriotic for years of suffering. No wonder that in 1914 and, after a short and promising revival of Ketteler's spirit in the early 1920's, in 1933 they broke down. There was no Ketteler, there were only the epigoni of the *Kulturkampf*, glad to be permitted to live in the full sunshine of government favor. Even when Hitler began to kick them around and to interpret Machiavelli by showing respect in speeches and laughing at them in actions, they were still trying to live down the age-old accusation of being minus-patriots, of being socially subversive and, to add injury to insult, were not even able to live up to their own tenets.

This ought to be remembered as an historical example of what happens to the Church when she sides with the poor and finds a leader who seems to mean what he says. When the celebrating is over, when we have become accustomed to the fact that life is normal again and no ration points are needed, when we have learned to look away from the misery the war left in England, France, Belgium, in Europe generally and in Asia, and when we then discover that we are faced with a major political and social crisis in our own land, the same forces that compelled Bismarck to smother Ketteler will be looking for ways and means to make American Catholics see "what is good for them—or else."



They that give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety
deserve neither liberty nor safety.

Benjamin Franklin.

Mastering the Missouri

By JOSEPH B. SCHUYLER, S.J.

TVA ditto

Condensed from *Columbia**

I stood atop Charbonnier hill just above St. Louis while the Missouri river was in flood. Miles and miles of valley land, stripped of wealth by the rushing waters, lay beneath the inland sea. I watched the wreckage of men's toil, their homes and barns, float by.

The Missouri basin, one of the largest river systems in the world, covers some 530,000 square miles, more than one-sixth of the nation's land. From Three Forks, Mont., just northwest of Yellowstone park, to its juncture with the Mississippi some 17 miles above St. Louis, the 2,469-mile stream courses through nine states with a population of 7 million. Likewise Minnesota, for weal or woe, experiences the river's strength. Many tributaries help swell the Missouri in flood seasons, and leave the upper-basin areas parched in summer.

Despite losses sustained during the last century, the basin boasts some of the world's richest farm lands. Its wealth includes vast deposits of phosphate, vitally needed for farm prosperity, as well as the world's largest supply of bituminous and sub-bituminous coal; near by lie the greatest deposits of oil shales.

In the upper end of the valley are some 4½ million acres of good land waiting for irrigation enough to provide for a new farm population of

500,000, not counting the inhabitants of towns and cities that would spring up. The possibilities for water-supplied electric power are not so evident as in the Tennessee valley, but even so warrant exploitation for the benefit of people who are far below average in farm consumption of electricity.

But what has been happening in this treasure land of America? Not only have we not been using this God-given treasure; we have been letting it wash away from us. In the last 100 years 11 major floods have ravaged the valley, usually inundating some 1,800,000 acres. The trickle to which streams in the upper basin are reduced in summer (growing time for most crops) is no remedy for the dust bowls, otherwise known as the plains of the Dakotas, Kansas, and Nebraska. Accordingly, the water table (subsurface water) of those regions has sunk anywhere from six to 30 feet. It is this water table on which most people outside cities depend for domestic and stock-watering purposes.

Each year the basin loses an average of a ton of its best soil for each of its 439 million acres. The average property loss amounts to approximately 8 million acres. The two floods in 1943 and that of last year left damage estimated at \$112 million in their wake. The weather bureau reports a loss of

*45 Wall St., New Haven, 7, Conn. October, 1943.

244 lives during the last 20 years. When the 1943 floods roared down from the Northwest, they swept from their path millions of dollars of Army flood-protective equipment, and cost almost another million in rescue work.

These periodic uprisings against American farmers and the millions of inhabitants of such large communities as the Kansas Citys, Omaha, Council Bluffs, and many others have kept the people of the basin from achieving their expected place in American prosperity. Both production and consumption of electricity in the basin have increased, but not nearly so much as in the country as a whole, or as, for example, in the Tennessee valley. Only 15.9% of Missouri farm dwellings have electric light, whereas the U. S. average is 31.3%. In only one Missouri-valley state, Iowa, do more than half the farms have use of electric power. With the help of the TVA and Rural Electrification Administration, southern states have skipped ahead of their northern neighbors in bringing electricity to the farm. For example, Mississippi, which was the last-ranking user of electricity on farms ten years ago, now ranks far above both Dakotas, which comprise one of the really richest farming regions of the nation.

But rural electrification is not the most vital issue of the Missouri valley's subnormal economy. Connected with it, no doubt, but probably more important, are decreases in personal income, salaries and wages, and manufacturing. Whereas the traditionally poor Tennessee-valley states showed healthy

gains in those departments during the '30's, the Missouri-valley states all experienced losses except in rare, minor instances (prewar figures).

Most alarming, however, is the relative decrease in population. From 1930 to 1940 Missouri-valley states gained about 1% in population, an increase below even the nation's subnormal gain. I am inclined to think that the estimated 350,000 persons who are supposed to have moved from the valley during the last few years do not include all. Today we are bewailing two very important, closely-allied tendencies: disintegration of the home and population pressure in cities. Farm failures in the Missouri valley mean increased tenancy, removal to cities, especially of the young, and consequent weakening of the nation's strongest homes, the farm homes.

After 15 years of half-hearted attempts to meet the problems raised by the Tennessee's swirling waters, the federal government under the late President Roosevelt inaugurated the TVA. As a problem too vast for any one of the five relatively poor southern states to handle, and far too complex for any one government agency to solve, it was handled in its totality by this newly created government corporation.

Industry, in both the mechanical and human sense of the term, began to hum. An over-all plan was mapped out for the attack on floods, soil erosion, deficient navigation, the depleted forests, unused water power, and exhausted farm lands. Construction of

16 huge dams meant profitable employment to thousands of local bread-winners. As Diesel engines, bulldozers, giant electric shovels, and modern techniques turned the huge river system into a human instrument, the valley dwellers experienced great changes in their lives. Homes replaced shacks, crops replaced stubble, profitable farming replaced tenancy and share-cropping. Refrigerators and milking machines, electric pumps and electric ranges have come to those farms.

Diseases, ever present in the region, dropped to a minimum. Bank deposits soared, proportionately even above the national average in the climb from the 1932 low-water mark. Industries entered the region for the first time, arose overnight. Co-operatives, at least 45 large ones in the five states, indicate both intellectual and economic growth of a formerly downtrodden group. Leisure has meant cultural advance unprecedented over so large an area in the South.

Two important items stand out as of utmost importance in discussing the proposed bill for the Missouri valley. In the first place, all the problems connected with the Tennessee valley were treated as one, and consequently handled by one organization. What was achieved could never have been done either by the states acting separately or by the several government agencies assigned to handle each phase of the problem separately. Secondly, although Congress did state the objectives of TVA, nevertheless the Authority was locally regional. That is,

its chief executives, main offices, field-workers, engineers, technicians, public relations officials—all did their work in the region. Politics was kept out.

Senator James Murray, of Montana, proposed a bill to establish an MVA; it has received rather rough handling from Senate committees.

Just what do the proponents of MVA expect if S555 (Senate number for Murray's bill) is passed? First, they want a unified organization to handle the various phases of the Missouri-valley problem, which are now being treated with singular lack of unity by several government agencies. They want an effective control put on the waters of the powerful river system: they want to stop flood damage and hardship. By arresting the loss of soil in the form of silt, and maintaining an even flow, they hope to achieve a navigable waterway as far north as Sioux City, perhaps further. They intend to end the dust bowl, reclaim for human use millions of acres of irrigable land, and revitalize other millions of stricken acres.

Through reforestation and flood control, they want to conserve those 439 million tons of topsoil each year. They want to generate more electricity, bring in more industries. And industries will certainly be tempted by plentiful and cheap electricity, cheap transportation on the long, navigable river system, and proximity to some of the nation's richest resources. Of course, for obvious reasons, the railroads and some of the eastern cities don't like the idea much, but a decentralized indus-

try means a cut in freight rates, increased part-time farming, and consequent wealth for hundreds of thousands of breadwinners, a revitalized self-reliance among people who have grown too accustomed to the dole.

But that isn't all. There will necessarily be much government-owned land as a result of purchases made for MVA building projects; once the work is completed, much of that land will be unoccupied. Section 13 of S555 provides that such land will be reserved for sale in such a way that family farming will most benefit therefrom. Some of the large landowners and corporation farmers don't like that prospect. But whether it is Senator Murray's application of his Catholic social principles, or just plain common sense, or both together, that provision, at any rate, is just what we are looking for. It strengthens the economic and social security, usual conditions for independence and initiative, of the American farm family.

Aside from persons and families, the states benefit in their own right;

Tennessee-valley states received more from the TVA in payments than they previously had received in taxes from the land which the TVA now occupies. The increased wealth of their citizens assured the states that taxes would be paid, not merely owed, in increasing amounts. Lack of economic independence was the prime reason for the states permitting the national government to assume so many of the states' powers in the last 15 years. Now there is a good chance for the states to regain some of their power, an argument which utterly confuses those who fear that an MVA will further compromise states' rights.

No states' rights are to be invaded, for the simple reason that the MVA will do nothing not already in the power of other purely governmental agencies with headquarters in Washington. It is true there will be another "alphabet agency," but the co-ordination achieved will eliminate the purposeless scurrying between innumerable agencies frequently unknown or opposed to each other.



In less trying days Archbishop Spellman takes his constitutional at noon-time, and on any clear day he can be seen walking rapidly up 5th Ave., discussing diocesan affairs with a companion.

Occasionally he will cut his walk short and drop in on one of the parish priests. Once, in his unassuming way, he rang the doorbell at a rectory and was ushered inside without ceremony by an elderly housekeeper who shouted upstairs to tell the priest that another priest had come to visit.

When the pastor came, he said in surprise, "This is the Archbishop!"

The woman laughed. "Father is always joking," she said, much to the Archbishop's amusement.

Victor Riesel and Mark Sherwin in the Magazine Digest (Sept. '45).

After "Liberation"

By W. M. BESTERMAN

Condensed from the *Polish Review**

Ungrateful Poles

On Aug. 26, 1945, the Associated Press had a dispatch from Gdansk (Danzig) describing activities of this ancient Polish port on the Baltic. The dispatch remarked that among the "scores of small cargo vessels, which have come in the last three weeks to revive Polish commerce, the Red flag of the Soviet Union is dominant."

Red or no Red flag, there was obviously reason for a feeling of satisfaction in learning that a country as ravaged as Poland was by the Germans is on its way to restore its much-needed foreign trade. Relieved, you went on reading the dispatch. It continued: "There is an agreement with the Soviet Union whereby the Russians take 70% of items available for reparations and leave 30% for the Poles. The Gdansk province includes both the former free city of Danzig and the artificially constructed Polish harbor of Gdynia. In western territories along the Oder and Neisse rivers, the Russians have been allotted 85% and the Poles 15%."

In other words, the ports and industrial provinces allocated to Poland under the Potsdam agreement are to be stripped of between 70% and 85% of their equipment. But the dispatch was still more specific: "The reparations, or 'removals,' to use the term of the communiqué from Potsdam, range from livestock and household furniture

through tractors, bicycles, steam boilers, and electric generators. Before the war Danzig bay was Polish. At present it is in the hands of the Red Banner Baltic fleet. It is to be turned back to the Poles after the Russians have taken away their share of removals."

It is not difficult to figure out the workability of the "Polish" ports and "Polish" industrial regions after the "removals," including the machinery, house furniture and . . . bicycles.

The AP does not hide this apprehension of its correspondent, because this is what it adds: "Before Gdansk can be expected to rival its 1939 trade records it appears obvious that new dock equipment must be installed by the Polish government to replace that acquired by the Soviet Union. Where Poland will find this heavy machinery, nobody here hazards a direct prediction. But there is an implied hint that perhaps some machinery may be forthcoming from the U. S."

Or, as the noted Washington columnist, Constantine Brown, points out in the *Evening Star* of Sept. 14, 1945: "America is paying in a roundabout way through UNRRA some of the reparations Russia is exacting from Germany. This is reported to be the conclusion of the official House Investigating Committee which spent several weeks in Europe looking into con-

ditions concerning 'special legislation' covering UNRRA and Lend-Lease.

"The representatives discovered, for instance, that 85% of the port facilities in the former German-occupied harbors of Gdynia, Danzig, and Stettin have been taken to Russia as reparations. To put these ports, which are now Polish, in working order, American materials are being sent to replace the machinery taken to Russia. Thus we are indirectly paying German war reparations to the Soviets."

Unfortunately, I have yet failed to see any report about American machinery being sent to Poland to replace the cargo now being loaded on the freighters of the Red fleet, which have come to the Polish ports to "revive Polish commerce."

Instead, I have noticed these lines in Mr. Brown's column: "Since the three Polish ports in the Baltic cannot be used to bring in supplies, the Romanian port of Constanza in the Black sea is serving as a port of entry. Conditions in that Romanian port controlled by the Russians appear hopeless. Many of the American supplies are being spirited away soon after they are unloaded and find their way into the black market. The representatives have, for instance, seen on the Constanza wharves no less than 322 American trucks, desperately needed in Poland, where the transportation system has broken down, stripped of their tires and other equipment which, they were told, had been sold in the black market. Many other supplies, such as food and clothing, also disappear

quickly and are sold to those few who can pay sky-high black-market prices. Only a relatively small quantity of goods reaches Poland, where it is being distributed in accordance with the wishes of the Russian administrator.

"The coming winter will be the hardest Poland has ever experienced. All the cattle and horses, not only from Poland but also from Czechoslovakia and Austria, are being sent to the USSR. The only traffic on the hundreds of miles of roads which the representatives could see from the planes which took them to Warsaw and Moscow was herds of cattle being moved east."

Mr. Brown goes on to say what happened to the Polish peasants, who were said to have been made happy by the "agrarian reform": "Seven thousand Polish estates were divided into 2,500,000 small holdings and given to the formerly destitute peasantry. These range from six to ten acres. Normally, such small properties would barely be sufficient to feed their owners. But the peasants, being deprived of cattle, have to work the land with their own hands.

"But even if the impossible were achieved, and through hard work the peasants could fully exploit their own property, a new law provides that 80% of the crops must be surrendered to the authorities. The Red army of occupation, which must remain in Poland for some time to assure communications between the USSR and the German territories under Russia's control, has to be fed by the Poles, and the ap-

petite of the Red soldiers is healthy."

This picture of organized looting of the "liberated" countries of Europe is implemented by Harry F. Kern, foreign editor of *Newsweek* (Sept. 3, 1945), in a description of Russians' conduct in their zone of occupation embracing Germany and territories to the east: "The Russians had stripped their zone of everything movable. This included machinery in factories, most of the cattle, and a large part of the able-bodied male population. The machinery was simply pulled out of the factories, loaded onto freight cars, and sent to the Soviet. The cattle were driven east in great herds. The male population was shipped away, presumably for use as slave labor. Crops rotted in the fields in the Soviet zone while the Red Army confiscated what was left for its own use."

Joseph S. Evans, chief European correspondent for *Newsweek*, adds in the same issue of that magazine: "Rather than change the opinion that the Russians stripped their zone of machinery, cattle, and virtually all the able-bodied population, add to it the odd fact that they have also stripped the sections of Berlin now occupied by the French, British, and Americans of a great deal of furniture, and particularly mattresses, cushions, and pillows."

John MacCormac cabled to the *New York Times* (Aug. 31, 1945) that "NKVD have taken over most of road-control posts and have replaced Hungarian policemen at all main street crossings." And the following excerpts from his dispatch furnish an explana-

tion: "On the way to Budapest this correspondent passed mile-long convoys of covered wagons filled with mattresses, brass bedsteads, lace curtains, expensive rugs, and cheap chairs, with the weather-beaten warriors who had accumulated these products of Western capitalism squatting patiently among them.

"These Russian prairie schooners were inscribed with red stars, hammers and sickles, and naïve appreciations of the glory of the Red Army, whose representatives were now jogging along a 1,000-mile journey."

Thus, the inventory of the loot taken by the "liberators" of Europe seems to be now fairly accurately established by the few members of Congress and American newspapermen who succeeded in breaking through the iron curtain encircling the "liberated" countries. This inventory ranges all the way from port facilities, through electric generators, steam boilers, able-bodied male population, mattresses, brass bedsteads, cheap chairs (undoubtedly belonging to capitalists), and lace curtains to . . . bicycles. And don't forget to add clocks and watches, these two items being the object of particular attention of the "Red weather-beaten warriors."

Martyred Warsaw has not lost its famed sense of humor even in its darkest hour. As in every other good-sized Polish town, so among the ruins and graves of Warsaw, bronze monuments of Soviet generals are now being erected. An American congressman who just returned from Warsaw told me

that one morning a Warsaw statue of a Soviet warrior was found adorned with a bicycle and an oversized watch, both artistically cut from cardboard. The two likenesses of things gone to the East were tied with a piece of string to which a piece of paper was attached with a few lines scribbled on it. In my own crude but faithful trans-

lation, this was what the lines said:

*Take our bikes and clocks as well,
Take 'em all, and—go to hell.*

This sample of modern European realistic poetry expresses fairly well the attitude of the "liberated" towards the "liberators."



What drama or even fairy tale can compare with the lives of the saints? Angels open dungeon doors for Peter to make his escape at midnight; Paul is let down from his prison in a basket. Anthony preaches to the attentive fishes; Francis has a conference with the big bad wolf of Gubbio, who agrees thenceforth to become a respectable watchdog. Raymond of Peñafort rides the sea upon his magic cloak; Xavier raises the dead to life. Peter Claver kisses the gangrenous sores of Negroes in the stinking holds of slave ships; Damien scales mountains to be one with his beloved lepers.

Vincent de Paul is captured by pirates, sold into slavery, converts his renegade master, and escapes with him into France; Peter Chantal is martyred on a cannibal island, whereupon all the cannibals become Catholic. Ignatius, the soldier, hangs his sword before the altar of our Lady, and forms an army whose numbers and exploits eclipse those of the greatest military legions; Francis Borgia, duke, warrior, bullfighter, a viceroy, and the father of eight children, becomes General of the Jesuits.

Elizabeth picks red roses in the white snows of winter; little Thérèse keeps her promise in heaven to scatter roses on earth. Joan of Arc leads armies into battle; Bernadette meets the loveliest of fairy godmothers.

Where are there such tragedies as those of the saints, and such courage? Lawrence jokes as he roasts on his gridiron. Andrew preaches from his cross. Isaac Jogues runs eagerly to the Mo-hawks and their tortures.

As for romance, here are men and women lifted off the earth in ecstatic rapture with their tremendous and invisible Lover, transformed into their Beloved so that they bear in their own bodies the wounds of His crucifixion. What words of human love can compare with the Confessions of Augustine, the Spiritual Canticle of John of the Cross, the dying cry of the Little Flower? What deeds of love can rival the penances and martyrdoms of those who fill up in their flesh what is wanting in the sufferings of their Master?

Magic, mystery, tragedy, comedy, courage, and high romance—they are all to be found, pressed down and running over, in the lives of the saints.

From pamphlet, *The Apostle of the Second Spring*, by Kenan Carey, C.P. (N. Y.: Paulist Press).

A New Status for Labor

By JOHN A. RYAN

Condensed chapter of a book*

More than a job

Neither minimum wages nor labor unions, nor better distribution, nor all together, can give laborers satisfactory conditions, or society a stable industrial system. Even though all workers were receiving living wages and a continuously increasing proportion of them something more; even though all were enrolled in effective labor unions; even though all were continuously employed, neither their status nor the condition of industrial society would be reassuring. The defects in the system may be summed up thus: The worker is not interested in his work and has not sufficient control over his economic life.

The worker is not interested for very simple reasons. In the great majority of tasks his creative faculties are not sufficiently invoked to give him a technical or artistic interest. This is all but universally true of machine operations. His directive faculties are not permitted to function sufficiently to arouse the interest which results from control over processes of production. Finally, the fact that his income (except when paid by the piece) is not closely dependent upon the quantity or quality of his product, deprives him of interest. His efficiency is only that which is necessary to retain his job; his interest is mainly that of getting the best working conditions.

Industrial population is at present divided into two groups. A small number own and direct instruments of production. The great majority neither own nor direct. They merely carry out orders. As a natural consequence of this unnatural division of functions, we have lack of interest and lack of efficiency.

Neither the injury to workers nor the limitation upon social efficiency inherent in this situation can be remedied by mere increases in pay and economic security of employees. What they require is nothing less than change of status.

The most effective change in status would be achieved if the workers owned the instruments of production. Individual ownership of tools with which a man works is the best means yet devised for making him interested. In our system of large industrial units this is no longer possible for more than a small proportion of wage earners. Industrial units are too few and they cost too much.

Nevertheless, it is feasible to introduce the majority of workers to the functions and advantages of ownership by a gradual process. The methods are, respectively, labor sharing in management, profits, and ownership.

Labor sharing in management does not mean that labor should immediate-

**Distributive Justice*. 1942. *The Macmillan Company, New York City, 11. 357 pp. \$4.*

ly take part in either commercial or financial operations. Purchase of materials, marketing of the product, borrowing of money, and many other activities are at present beyond the competence of the majority of wage earners. On the other hand, labor sharing in management means something more than helping to determine the labor contract. That is already a recognized function.

In a general way, the phrase denotes participation in the productive operations of industrial management. Men who spend their entire working time in a factory, shop, store, mine or railroad, come to know something about the processes upon which they are engaged. If they have ordinary intelligence they desire to exercise some control over those processes, and to suggest improvements. The vast majority would like to determine their immediate environment. In every normal human being there exists some directive, initiative, creative capacity. Those engaged in industry are not sharply divided into classes, the one possessing all the directive ability, the other able only to carry out orders. Wage earners have some directive ability, some capacity for becoming more than instruments of production.

A considerable number of concerns have adopted under some form the principle of labor sharing in management. Some are frankly paternalistic, operated through a "company union" or some other organization dominated by itself. Others exemplify equality of co-operation between employer and

employee. Some have achieved considerable success; one such enterprise is the plan in operation for many years in shops of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. Three-fourths of a million railway employees have endorsed this form of co-operation.

Some idea of labor's participation is reflected in the thousands of suggestions relating to shop operations made at bi-weekly meetings of the joint committees of workers and management. A large proportion of them came from employees. A fundamental feature of the arrangement is that it recognizes established unions. Labor members are chosen by the regular shop unions. Among matters and problems considered by joint committees are: employee grievances, employee training, better conditions of employment in respect to working facilities, sanitation, lighting and safety, conservation of materials, increased output, improved quality of workmanship, recruiting of employees, stabilizing of employment, and employees sharing in gains of co-operation.

The B. & O. plan can be applied to every variety of industry. Of course, modification of detail will be necessary to meet the needs of a particular industry. Wherever sincere and sustained effort is made to give the plan a fair trial, the following gains may reasonably be expected: the workers will have greater consciousness of their dignity, greater self-respect, greater interest in their work, and a feeling of responsibility for results of their work; the mere business relation between em-

ployer and employee will be supplanted by a human relation which will cause the employee to look upon himself more as a partner than as a mere hired man, while both employer and community will benefit through a larger and better product.

The second element of ownership which could be made available is a share in the profits. In a sense this may be regarded as the most vital element in the system. It rests upon the theory that when men enter into competition, attracted by the lure of indefinite gains, their energy and inventiveness will be aroused to such an extent that they will find and apply new methods of production and of labor organization, with the result that cost of production will be constantly lowered. The whole community benefits. Until competition became so widely supplanted by combination, this theory was verified in practice. To the extent that competition prevails, the theory is still sound. Profit-sharing by the employees simply extends the principle of indefinite gains to wage-earning classes. If it is desirable to permit the directors of industry to obtain indefinitely large gains as a result of hard work and efficiency, why is it not equally desirable to hold out this hope to the rank and file?

Profit-sharing gives to workers, in addition to wages, a part of *surplus* profits. As long as the regime of private capital obtains, owners of capital must be assured the prevailing rate of interest. It is not feasible to give any part of profits to the workers until

owners of capital have obtained this prevailing rate. If 5% is the rate of interest generally obtained on investments, owners of capital should be guaranteed that amount before profit-sharing is put into operation.

How much of the surplus, after interest and dividends, should go to workers? The most scientific method would be that which awarded the surplus profits to the *workers exclusively*, that is, to persons who do any work in any capacity, whether subordinate or directive. Why should nonworking stockholders receive any part of a surplus to the production of which they have contributed neither time nor thought nor labor? No one proposes that the bondholders of a corporation should share in profits. With the exception of the directors, executive officers, and a few others, the stockholders, as far as work is concerned, are the same as bondholders. If they are certain to receive the prevailing rate of interest, and if a sufficient reserve protects them, they are receiving all that seems to be fair and all that is necessary to induce men to invest. The surplus profits should be distributed among those who perform any function, from president down to office boy. The distribution should be in proportion to salaries and wages.

The third advantage of ownership, relative independence, is obtainable only through ownership itself. Since only a few wage earners can hope to become dominant owners of a business, the great majority must be content with partial ownership. At this

point we must guard against an insidious theory which has had the benefit of much propaganda. It is generally advanced under the designation, "employee ownership." Impressive totals reveal the vast increase in number of workers who own shares in the corporations that employ them. Perfection is assumed to be reached when the majority of employees are stockholders.

But mere proprietorship of securities, even though individually large, is inadequate. It fails to give control. It confers no share in management, whether of productive processes or of commercial and financial policies. Even in the most attractive descriptions of the most nearly complete participations in stock ownership, we find no statement of the proportion of the total stock held by the employees. As a matter of fact, it is always far less than a majority.

Lacking ownership, employees lack control. Lacking control, their share in the stock has no more practical significance than an equal amount of property in some other corporation, or an equivalent quantity of deposits in savings banks.

The principle of industrial democracy underlying the foregoing paragraphs was endorsed by Pope Pius XI, as follows: "In the present state of human society, however, We deem it advisable that the wage contract should, when possible, be modified somewhat by a contract of partnership, as is already being tried in various ways to the gain both of the wage earn-

ers and of the employers. In this way wage earners are made sharers in some sort of ownership, or the management, or the profits."

Much more important is the plan outlined by Pope Pius for reconstruction of the social order. Pope Pius had declared repeatedly that the root of all economic evils is individualism. There is too much individual freedom for the strong, cunning, and unscrupulous. There is too much freedom for powerful persons to combine and dominate society. There is too much antagonism between economic classes. The remedy cannot be more freedom for individuals, nor more power for combinations. Excesses of individualism, tyranny of combinations, and the conflict between classes, can be adequately controlled only by the state. "When We speak of the reform of the social order," says Pope Pius, "it is principally the state We have in mind."

Many social reformers who applaud the Pope's analysis of evils and his proposal to seek a remedy in the state assume that he means some form of collectivism, some kind of socialism. They are completely mistaken. The Holy Father does not want state ownership and operation of the means of production. He wants more, not less, rational freedom for individuals. He would eliminate class conflict not by a futile effort to abolish classes, but by bringing them into a practical scheme of co-operation. He would decentralize the economic activities of the state. He would interpose a graded hierarchical order, a system of subsidiary organiza-

tions between individual and state.

"The aim of social legislation, therefore, must be," says the Pope, "re-establishment of occupational groups." His choice of the word *re-establishment* shows he is not proposing something new. He takes as a model the guild system, which united master, journeymen, and apprentices in one association. Of course, such an arrangement would involve change in our system, where the place of the associated master workman is taken by the employing capitalist and that of the associated journeyman by the propertyless employee.

Nevertheless, the main principle and spirit of the guilds could be adopted. Occupational groups, in the words of Pope Pius, "would bind men together, not according to the position which they occupy in the labor market but according to the diverse functions which they exercise in society." In the railroad industry, for example, owners, managers and employees would be united with reference to the common social function which all classes perform, that of carrying goods and passengers in cars over steel rails.

In other words, those organizations would comprise both employers and employees, both capitalists and laborers. The occupational group might be empowered to fix wages, interest, dividends, and prices, determine working conditions, adjust industrial disputes, and carry on economic planning. All groups of an industry could be federated into a council for the whole industry. There could also be a federa-

tion of all industries of the nation. Occupational groups, whether local or national, would enjoy power and authority over industrial matters coming within their competence. This would be genuine self-government in industry.

Of course, the occupational groups would not be entirely independent of government, for no economic group, whether of capitalists or laborers, nor of both in combination, can be trusted with unlimited power to fix profits and pay. While allowing to the groups the largest measure of reasonable freedom in management of their affairs, the state, says Pius XI, should perform the tasks which it alone can effectively accomplish: those of "directing, watching, stimulating, and restraining, as circumstances suggest or necessity demands."

It has been asserted that the occupational group system would involve abolition of capitalism. Whether this is true depends upon definition. If we take capitalism to mean merely private ownership of capital, the system of occupational groups might still be called a capitalist system. If, however, we use the word in its historical sense, with its traditional philosophy, it is automatically excluded by every important principle and proposal set forth in *Quadragesimo Anno*.

For the very underlying principles of capitalism are those of individualism and of economic liberalism. The Holy Father condemns individualism because it calls for unlimited competition and rejects state regulation. He

condemns liberalism because it authorizes men to seek unlimited profits and unlimited interest, and to pay the lowest wages which men can be coerced to accept under the guise of a "free" contract. Capitalism in this sense would obviously be impossible under the Pope's system.

The new social order recommended by the Holy Father would exemplify neither individualism nor socialism. Neither an individual nor corporation would be permitted to make extortionate and antisocial "free" contracts. The profit motive would continue to function, but it would be subjected to restraints of reason and justice. On the other hand, the new order would not

be socialism. It would not place the entire control and operation of industry in the hands of a supreme general staff. It would not abolish private property. It would not regiment labor nor substantially restrict freedom of choice by the consumer.

In a word, the system proposed by the Pope would occupy a middle ground between capitalism and communism, between individualism and socialism. It would provide all the freedom and opportunity which every individual needs to develop his personality; and it would avoid that concentration of power which would defeat itself and which free men would not long tolerate.



Pen Returned

When Japanese envoys came aboard the U. S. battleship *Missouri* to sign the terms of surrender Sept. 1, there was a minor ceremony in the matter of pens. One used by the Japanese was discovered with this inscription: "To Jack Chevigny, a Notre Dame boy who beat Notre Dame."

The story behind it began more than ten years ago. After Rockne died in 1931, Chevigny was named junior football coach at Notre Dame with Hartley Anderson.

Later, Chevigny went to St. Edward's University, Texas, made a fine record as coach there, and soon was hired as head coach at Texas University. For the first game of his first season he took his team back to his Alma Mater, and won, 7 to 0.

At the close-of-the-season banquet he was given a gold fountain pen on which was inscribed: "To Jack Chevigny, a Notre Dame boy who beat Notre Dame."

After several years at Texas, Chevigny practiced law at Austin; then went into the oil business in central Illinois. Came war, and he joined the Marines. He was killed on Okinawa, where, apparently, the pen was picked up by the Japanese.

After its discovery, his buddies sent it home, but changed the inscription to read: "To Jack Chevigny, a Notre Dame boy who gave his life for his country in the spirit of old Notre Dame." *Catholic Herald Citizen* (27 Oct. '45).

The New Japan

By PATRICK J. BYRNE, M.M.

Condensed from the Brooklyn *Tablet**

Father Patrick J. Byrne of Washington, D. C., is one of the best qualified Americans to speak on the war years in Japan. He was assigned as Superior of the Maryknoll mission vicariate in Kyoto, Japan, in 1934, and was named Prefect Apostolic by the Vatican in 1937. Just before the war he resigned in favor of a Japanese bishop. Before going to Japan he was assistant Superior General of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America.

A new Japan is rising from the chaos and destruction of war. General Douglas MacArthur's thorough understanding of the Japanese mentality has wrought within a few weeks changes that a few months ago would have been deemed impossible.

For more than ten years I have been living in close contact with the Japanese people. During the almost four years of war with America I was not interned, but allowed to remain free in my home, thanks to a tuberculosis sanatorium for the poor which we had completed just before the war began. I was supposedly isolated, but was, nevertheless, in constant contact with the people, and became familiar with their attitudes as the war progressed.

The Japanese had little enthusiasm for the war with America; for it came after several years of war with China which had already greatly restricted their living, imposed a scanty diet, and dissolved enterprises unrelated to war. Government-inspired editorials repeat-

Kindler light from the rising sun

edly complained of the inexplicable sluggishness of the popular spirit.

The first victories in the Orient, Hongkong, Malaya, the Philippines, were taken at face value. Government assurances that the Americans would soon tire and that the nazis would certainly win were accepted as reliable; hardships were borne uncomplainingly.

After the defeat at Guadalcanal became known, the first doubts appeared. When the Allies won New Guinea the people began to suspect the tide had changed; after the Philippines they were sure. They remembered that Premier Koiso had expressly declared that if Japan lost the Islands she would lose the war. Long before the atomic bomb, Japanese people told me, "We have lost the war." Despite this national pessimism, government reports continued optimistic, with the result that the people lost confidence in official statements.

With this, there came a diminishing respect for the capacity of the military leaders who composed the government. Orders were still obeyed, for complaint was not tolerated and criticism was dangerous. But it was increasingly realized that the military government, to which the people, through no choice of their own, had surrendered every liberty, had led the

*1 Hanson Place, Brooklyn, 17, N. Y. Oct. 13, 1945.

country to total ruin by its myopic international policy and stupid military blunders.

Now the people have regained liberty of speech, and freedom of the press, public assembly, and political activity. In a little more than a month an extraordinary change in atmosphere has occurred. Much suffering and hardship are in prospect, but so, too, is the vision of a new, liberal Japan, respected among the nations.

Seventy million people, so recently regimented to fight in the last stand on the home soil, are now quietly and willingly co-operating with the American forces in carrying out the terms of surrender. The program is proceeding smoothly and swiftly. Already the Japanese forces have been disarmed and demobilized. The imperial general staff has been abolished; the dread "military secret police" have been disbanded. All the Tojo cabinet, in power when war began, have either destroyed themselves or been imprisoned. In carrying out the stipulations of the Potsdam Declaration, the Japanese are indeed honestly co-operating; and the business is proceeding apace.

Moreover, despite the havoc wrought by American bombs, the Japanese do not bear resentment against Americans. American missionaries are welcomed back to Japan, not only officially by the new liberal government, but by the common Japanese people. A splendid prospect is now opening up for all kinds of religious, educational, and charitable activity in Japan; just before he resigned, Premier Prince Higashi-

Kuni, meeting foreign religious and social workers in his official residence, earnestly begged their co-operation in building up a new Japan that would be entitled to the friendship and respect of the nations.

That any people, almost overnight, could change from enmity to amity seems so incredible that many outside the nation declare it hypocrisy and camouflage. But it is neither; it is absolute fact.

Such a transformation could not happen anywhere but in Japan, simply because nowhere else in the world is there a nation that reveres its sovereign as the Japanese revere and obey their Emperor. We who have been in Japan during these momentous weeks of transition, have seen three different faces upon the Japanese people:

1. Before the landing, there was fear and gloom. The peace terms had been settled in principle; the Emperor was not to be deposed; but how would it work out in practice? The Japanese, obedient to the Emperor, had laid aside their arms; they were ready to work for peace; but there was serious fear that the Americans would come to plunder and that consequently the Emperor might be subjected to indignity. If this was true, then to cease fighting was a mistake; far better to struggle to the last.

2. Then there was wonderment and hope. The actual landing had been made and the nation was astonished at the speed, weight, and power of it. But the power was controlled; it operated smoothly. There were no seri-

ous disturbances; not one life was lost in the landing and placing of troops.

There were no insults to the Emperor, nothing to offend those who deeply revered him. On the contrary, special guards were stationed by the Americans to protect the imperial grounds and the famous shrines. Anxiety yielded to relief; and those who had been apathetic about collaboration began to wonder if, after all, the Japanese might survive as a nation; and there grew an increasing respect for the man who controlled this incoming army, and who so evidently understood the Japanese.

3. There has come the last change to smiles and cheerful co-operation. The youngsters are beginning to grin, to shout salutes to passing GIs. The people, and the new government, are awakening to the reality of their opportunity under the occupation. They anticipate no escape from their obligations, but feel safe from unreasonable demands, from impositions not included in the Potsdam articles; and above all, they feel that their Emperor is safe; that no harm, insult nor indignity will come to him.

Under present conditions in Japan, no more dangerous policy could be advocated than that of interfering with the position of the Emperor; of what some have called "liberating the Japanese from medievalism." If Japan be liberated from its Emperor, it will, by the same stroke, be liberated from the sole source and foundation of its unity,

its law and order. Japan today without its Emperor would be unthinkable; it would mean anarchy, rioting, chaos, hell. Yet, among those unfamiliar with the Japanese policy and character, there are some who are stupidly advocating a ruthless nazi policy against the people as a whole; and declaring that the sooner the Emperor is removed, the better for everybody.

Should any such policy ever be adopted, it will necessitate an immediate increase of occupation forces to more than double their previous number; it will condemn them to a stay in Japan ten times longer than they need stay if MacArthur's present policy be maintained. Clearly it is the General's complete understanding of the Japanese mentality that has inspired him to use, as a practical instrument for speeding up his work, the very force that his critics consider an obstacle: the veneration of the Emperor.

Those who know Japan appreciate correctly the Emperor's true position: his hold upon the people's hearts derives not from any practical connection with the government but from his position as the revered "father" of the national family. He is not to the nation what God is to Christians. But he is to the people the focus of affection that binds them into one, the symbol of their continuity as a nation. With his personality holding the people united and law-abiding, there can function with perfect liberty a really representative and democratic government.

Education in Black

Dear old-fashioned school days

By REID E. JACKSON

Condensed from the *Crisis**

When I entered the Negro elementary school, I promptly lost sight of perplexing childhood racial questions in the rush of making new friends and adjusting to an unfamiliar life of discipline and study. But not for long!

I was in the 7th grade and by this time my interest in books and writing had become somewhat pronounced, perhaps because my mother was one of the librarians in the city's Negro Free Library. Since her working hours coincided with my father's, and since he also liked to spend his spare time browsing, my mother took my brother and me to the library with her whenever she was on duty. We pored over books in the children's section, and would often invade the adult department.

Under the circumstances it was only natural I should try writing, as I did when the annual Jefferson Monument Fund Prize Essay Contest, sponsored by the leading local daily, was announced. The contest was conducted to keep alive the spirit and purpose of Thomas Jofferson by memorializing his achievements in student essays; it was whispered privately, however, that the paper's circulation was the major reason. My father was delighted over my ambition; so pleased that he even reviewed my amateurish efforts.

I finished my essay, and sent it off.

"Now, I am an author," I told myself.

Several weeks later, the school principal sent for me. When I entered his office, he looked up quickly from his desk and, beaming, bade me be seated. "Poor little me," I was wondering. "What have I done?" Had he found out I was the boy who had been making catcalls in the recess line? "Well, my little man," he boomed, "you are to be congratulated!" Relieved, I asked, "Congratulated for what, sir?"

He explained, "One of the judges in the Jefferson essay contest just telephoned to ask me who, in this school, wrote essay No. 318. When I gave him your name, he told me your essay had won first prize. We are proud of you. You may go home to tell your family the good news." I walked out; instead of turning handsprings, I had to pinch myself to see if I was dreaming. Was it actually true that I won the first prize?

The evening paper printed my name and school. Immediately, enterprising white persons observed that the school mentioned was a Negro school. Then, I must be a Negrol Next day, the morning paper carried a curt "correction." Through error, the judges had confused the numbers. My essay deserved only "honorable mention" and the first prize had been awarded to a white boy in a white school. My principal, in turn, received a polite note of apology

*20 W. 40th St., New York City, 18. October, 1945.

stating that "evidently there had been some mistake." They didn't stop there, either. The next year they set up a separate division for Negro contestants and all-Negro prizes were established. White "supremacy" had been maintained.

As a junior in college I again faced the "color line." My class in sociology had invited the sociology class at the white state university to spend a day on our campus. All went well at first. Both groups paraded the usual platitudes about racial good will and professed stilted gestures of racial amity. When we reached my fraternity house (which boasted the only grand piano), I couldn't resist the temptation to play. Maybe I did want our visitors to know I played the piano in the campus dance orchestra. My music started them dancing and they begged me to keep on.

White looked at black and black looked at white. Before you knew it, everything was all mixed up and everyone was dancing with everyone else. Racial lines and tension were forgotten. Human beings were enjoying themselves. I really got my big laugh, however, when the blond boy whom I had run against in the recent state track relays plumped down on the stool beside me with, "See that girl over there? Is she white or Colored?" I looked, saw a girl with satin-white skin, and replied casually, "She? Why, she's my cousin." Undaunted, the boy said, "Gee! but she's the prettiest thing here!" and rushed over to ask her for the next dance.

Of course, there were repercussions.

The white professor of sociology was "fired" by the state university board for countenancing racial intermingling, and our professor of sociology was given a temporary "leave of absence." We were herded together and subjected to a stereotyped lecture on the exact boundary between educational and social activities and solemnly warned never to let the two overlap, particularly where whites and Negroes were involved.

After a struggle deciding upon my life's vocation, I finally fixed upon teaching. It was not because of the money: I was making four and five times as much playing the piano in a professional dance orchestra as I could teaching. It was not long, however, before I felt myself going stale in the high-school classroom. Life had become routine, and I, stagnant. Suddenly, I made up my mind to "chuck" it all and change environment.

I would go to work on my Master's degree. This decision seemed foolish to father and mother. Anyway, I went to the same white state university that had discharged the "liberal" sociology professor and enrolled in education.

My family again questioned my action: "Why should I leave the field of natural science to study a pseudo science like education?" I couldn't put it into words for them; but, within myself, I harbored a burning urge not only to do something about my self-discovered inability to teach without further training, but also to find out what was wrong with the American system of education.

I spent my first months trying to convince the university examiner that I should be admitted into the graduate school without "condition." This was very necessary because my Negro undergraduate college had not then secured regional accreditation.

My studious habits finally got me into an embarrassing situation. One afternoon, I was cornered by members of the leading men's honor society. I was "likely timber" for their organization, they whispered, and asked if I would be interested in joining. Shortly afterwards, I was notified that I had been chosen, and enthusiastically performed initiation chores. I discovered there were two other candidates; so the three of us compared grade-point averages. Each of the others had a 3.5 average, while I had succeeded in maintaining a 3.7 average. Since 3.2 qualified for membership, we felt very pleased with ourselves.

It never occurred to me, though, that the other two candidates were white and that I, alone, was Colored, not until the usual fate overtook me. Without explanation, I was suddenly informed that my name had been dropped from the candidate's list. My perplexity was cleared up when a staunch white friend, a member of the organization, told me a clause in the national constitution forbade initiation of a Negro. I tried to appear nonchalant; nevertheless, in the pit of my stomach, there was a sickening feeling of despair. Then I became angry about it all. The answer was inescapable—I hated all white people.

To forget my wounded pride, I plunged more deeply into my Ph.D. work. I had made many friends, gained the respect of others, and knew my way around the campus pretty well. I secured an NYA job. My work was to be in the office of the department chairman, and, because of my background and experience, I suppose, I was placed in charge of a project, gathering materials for a textbook being written by the departmental chairman. I had a group of NYA workers, all of them white, under my supervision.

One day the chairman stopped me on the staircase: "You know, I believe that I am going to recommend you to be my graduate assistant for next quarter. Of course, we never have given this responsibility to Negroes; but, somehow I feel certain you would know how to act in the situation; particularly since you seem to have ample self-confidence." Thrilled? Yes!

As time dragged by and the department chairman said nothing more, I decided to approach him. "Oh, Yes!" he replied slowly, "I have been meaning to tell you. I am sorry, but the board of trustees rejected you. They felt that many of the white students or their parents would resent the idea. The whole matter, then, might easily become an issue, resulting in loss of financial support for the school. The board concurred that they could not afford to take this chance." I nodded my head. There it was again.

After I received my coveted Ph.D., I made another discovery. My white classmates, who had also been awarded

Ph.D's, were immediately shipped off to the lucrative positions which came through the appointments office. While my record was just as good or better, I was not offered a chance even to consider a job. It was not because the bureau felt I was not qualified; the bare fact was that the jobs were for "whites only." So I accepted a post as dean of education in a small southern church college for Negroes. I soon found the title belied the salary. I was making \$25 less a month than I did before I had started working for my Ph.D.

There came the time when we were notified that the state supervisor of Negro education was planning to visit our school. We were not particularly perturbed because, as we thought, we had been making the best of our opportunities.

The supervisor came, but instead of commending us he launched into a tirade against the impracticability of our program. Turning to me, he said scathingly, "You are *not* training these prospective teachers in a practical manner." Before I had time to venture a reply, he continued, "Don't you know it is a waste of time to try to teach Negroes science, history, mathematics, and the like? You should be preparing them for the kind of lives they must live. For example, they should all be taught to use their hands in manual activities, such as repairing a broken chair seat, or putting in a new windowpane." I realized that it would be folly to attempt to explain to this bigot that the major responsibility of the

school was to imbue growing citizens with the ability and disposition to advance beyond and to improve their present environments.

That quip of the supervisor stirred me up. I determined I would find out what educational opportunities the state was actually providing for its Negro citizens. Since my funds were limited, I started with our own county. Polite inquiry of the county superintendent for statistics brought an insulting reply. Right there I learned that a Negro menial worker could gain entry where the Negro professional could not. A box of cigars for the Negro janitor of the state office building procured for me the coveted figures the county superintendent had denied me. Hastily poring over the records, I discovered the amazing fact that several thousands of dollars, originally appropriated for the Negro schools in my county, got "lost" somewhere between the state finance department and the county board of education.

This fact, and other glaring defects, I incorporated into a story on the education of the Negro in my county. It was promptly published by one of the more aggressive Negro magazines. I attempted to prove that Negro teachers should receive increased salaries and that Negro children should have better schools. The piece created a furore. My own Negro friends began to accuse me of jeopardizing the cause of Negro education. Not content, they went on to predict dire personal and economic consequences for me (the Ku Klux Klan burned a cross in front

of my house). On the contrary, white people unknown to me wrote to commend my "fearless courage," as they called it.

While this controversy was raging, I went back to my university for summer study. Soon I received a letter from the bishop of the church district which supported the institution where I had been working. The bishop said he considered my article too indiscreet in tone; that it exhibited a lack of knowledge of the relationship which should exist between whites and Negroes in the South. Because of this, it was his painful duty to relieve me of my position. Even though I was angered, I was not worried; I had already begun negotiations with another institution. An amusing finish, however, was written to the incident when the county school board, shamed by my exposé and the pressure of unwelcome publicity, raised the salaries of Negro teachers. Then the bishop wrote me, apologizing, and offering me my old job with a "bigger" title but no increase in salary.

This initial experience of a close-up

examination of educational facilities for the Negro, in one southern county, spurred me to further study. I found that Negro schools could be among the finest in one community, yet little more than hovels in another. Usually, the magnificent, modern structures were in large urban areas where Negroes could vote and share, to some degree, in management of local affairs. Even then the whites would become jealous. (I have ample personal proof of this. Negroes have been deprived of modern buildings at the behest of angered whites who claimed the buildings were too fine for "niggers" and their schools removed to much shabbier quarters to give white students possession of the building.)

Yet, I can't lose hope. I have a vision. Liberation from shackling frustration is being achieved as, here and there, a teacher infuses a student with realization of the inequity and iniquity of the dual educational system which is now throttling real democracy. I predict that, whether we like it or not, national and world events forecast the doom of all separate schools.



Pat-and-Mike Story

Two very green Irishmen, Pat and Mike, had just arrived from South Ireland, and as yet, were not acquainted with our traffic signals. They were waiting at an intersection for the red light to turn green, when it suddenly turned from red to orange. Everyone but Pat and Mike rushed across the street. The orange light quickly flashed to green, and they started across. Pat quipped to Mike, "They don't give the Protestants in this country much time to cross the streets, do they?"

Marguerite Ratty in *Novena Notes* (24 Aug. '45).

The Friar Who Forgot to Die

By LT. ROBERT M. CONRAD

Condensed from the *St. Anthony Messenger**

Inheritance for the meek

In Germany last summer, in the course of getting a regimental history printed, I traveled a great deal. My companions and I finally drifted down to Cheb, in Czechoslovakia. We had cameras, which is SOP in the ETO (standard operating procedure in the European theater of operations).

I came across an interesting scene on one of the back streets where a few Czech women were busy hanging out the wash, spreading it flat on the grass and sprinkling it. While I was snapping this, some kids came up, which is also SOP with me. A cute blond German girl climbed up on my knee. Between me and the old camera and tripod she started telling me in German all about her family and how *schön* she thinks I am. At the same time I was taking the picture and putting in *ja* and *nein* and *nicht wahr* and *so ist das Leben* at the right spots, I think, and not paying too much attention except when she tweaked my nose or pulled my ear when I made a wrong reply.

Anyway, there were several other kids around by this time, and I did not notice that my special friend was sitting in frozen silent answer to a *nein*, of which I was not conscious until the shutter clicked. Then I realized I must have said the wrong thing, as a storm cloud gathered in her

eyes and promised to be a shower very shortly unless I repaired the damage. With the help of a little hard candy and several *bitte entschuldigen*, the sun shone again in her soft blue eyes.

Her little boy friend helped carry my camera; a little brunette Czech carried the tripod; and I had the case and a little girl hanging on each hand. They insisted that I should take a picture of a *Denkmal*. A *Denkmal* is a monument, and I am a fiend for *Denkmals*, especially when little blue-eyed kids are so anxious that I should be. Since this was a *Denkmal* to American soldiers, I felt pretty much of a heel.

The little parade wended its way to a Catholic monastery church which had a monument to the Allied soldiers of the last war. However, the nazis had torn down the *Denkmal*. By this time a grown woman had joined the procession and began telling me how the nazis had tossed out the Franciscans and that there was left only one padre, who had just come back and was living in the monastery again.

Well, this began to get very interesting. It was a little confusing, since the cloister was still occupied by civilians who had no place else to go. The civilians told us that the good padre was in the chapel. So down we went to find him.

He was standing in front of the altar

of St. Anthony, with a hammer and some nails in one hand and his breviary in the other. When the kids introduced me as König Conrad the Fifth, which I had told them as a joke, we both laughed, embarrassed, and he put down the tools and I told him my name. He consented to let me take a couple of portraits of him just as I had found him in the chapel.

His name was Father Egbert and he had much to talk about. Books. He talked about books as a lovesick boy talks about his best girl. And no wonder.

He led us to a small dungeon-like room where the books were kept: great massive hand-lettered books from the 12th century, with chains on them, so you could hang them up and read them by turns; exquisite maps of castles and towns that Columbus may have visited before he set out; books printed on the Gutenberg press, which was the first printing press ever made; shelf after shelf of books and parchment scrolls signed by Popes and kings and saints and great sinners.

The good padre's teeth and eyes sparkled like jewels in the semitwilight as he caressed the unbelievably old books and told us how St. Thomas must have labored to write this one and how the courier of the Pope brought the manuscript to the friars who printed the other with its superb lettering and delicate capital letters.

Then somebody mentioned the concentration camp, and the sparkle died in his eyes and he looked at his bulging, crooked fingers. A great, terrible

sob came welling from the remote corners of his soul and shook his flimsy body like a storm-swept tree.

The monument to our soldiers was originally in this church. The church and monastery of Francis of Assisi, the first Franciscan church built outside Italy. The *Bürgermeister*, a traitorous, fat German with a smile like a pig and a heart like a wolf, one day brought his staff of goose-stepping aides to the beautiful monastery gardens, demanded that the monument be destroyed, and accused the Franciscans of giving information to the English and Americans.

Then there was an ultimatum that the chapel be stripped for a dancehall, and the gold and diamonds of the chalices and the gorgeous monstrance should be given to the *Bürgermeister* for necklaces and bracelets. His wife, it seemed, thought she did not have enough jewelry to befit the wife of a great *Bürgermeister*. The parishioners refused to let the soldiers into the church. Then there were beatings and bloodshed and a great swastika-decked order sending the priests and Brothers to the concentration camp and making the chapel a dancehall for the Hitler youth.

Four years, three months, 21 days he had spent in bestial captivity. And he returned to the monastery, alone; the others had died miserably in the awful grind of work that had curled and knotted the padre's fingers and almost broken his heart. But Father Egbert had his books to think about. He must not die. The good God would

preserve the books, and Father Egbert would come back and restore order. He would keep in his care these documents of the progress of the world from the dawn of the use of the book. He would preserve the living thoughts of dead men in their ancient pages.

And come back he did, to dig his precious volumes from the trash heaps where the nazis had thrown them. To patch the torn and folded pages and catalogue the books. To bring out the ancient scrolls and delicate maps from their dungeon hiding places. Many volumes were gone. Many would never be recovered. But once again the ancient bookcases held their precious burdens on their scarred shelves. And he, Father Egbert, was home again to watch over the written wisdom of the centuries.

Meanwhile, I was doing a bit of mental arithmetic. As I calculated it, the day Father Egbert went to the concentration camp was vaguely familiar.

April 1, 1941. The good padre had given me a tiny parchment-covered prayer book, printed in 1671, as a souvenir. I almost dropped it—April 1, 1941, was the day I went to Fort Thomas, Kentucky, for induction. "Back in a year," I said then. "The things I don't know can't hurt me"—a foolish saying. Rather let us look at the ruins that were Germany and remember that, "As long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it to Me!"

If ever I become so proud that I lose the fear of the Lord and nothing is sacred to me any more, then I pray God that He will slay me in my tracks and heap high the shame upon my grave. Let me never, in my foolish pride, think I can walk upon the honor of men and escape the blinding wrath that is sure to flare from the heavens and visit its awful revenge upon those I love . . . when the meek shall inherit the earth.



What Kills

History has proved that you can't kill Christianity by short-lived persecutions of one or two generations. The cross always leads to rebirth; this is a physical law by now and as obvious as the law of gravity. Killing Christians is not killing Christianity. Churches in flames are apparently wonderful lights by which to read the Bible and warm our waning faith. Heat is not necessarily destructive. Only the creeping kind of secularism that sneaks up on you like poison gas, and is all over the place before you smell it, is able to convert whole Christian nations into a nice sample of spiritual euthanasia. And after this death there will be "decent, godless people," and their children will worship their forebears in the shrines of clean, landscaped, asphalt roads and little mounds of lost golf balls.

H. S. Reinhold in *Orate Fratres* (4 Nov. '45).

Caligula returned

One Man's War

By ROBERT TRUMBULL

Condensed from the New York Times*

Lt. Louis Zamperini, mile runner in the 1936 Olympics, who was given up for dead when he failed to return from a search mission in an Army plane almost 28 months ago, is on the way home after 47 days in a raft, followed by incredible cruelties in Japanese prison camps from the Marshall Islands to Honshu.

Lt. Russell A. Phillips of Princeton, Ind., pilot of the Army B-24 in which Lieutenant Zamperini was bombardier, also survived the ordeal in the raft and shared his prison hardships until he was sent to another camp recently. A third man whom Zamperini could identify only as MacIntyre, the tail gunner, died on the 33rd day at sea. The other seven of the B-24's crew were lost with the plane.

Zamperini's survival was held so unlikely by the Army that the day after he broadcast to the U. S. over the Japanese radio, American networks carried an Army announcement, relayed to Zamperini by the Japanese, saying he definitely had been killed. That was a year ago.

But his family in Torrance, Calif., nevertheless kept up hope and wrote to him as if he still were alive. He received their letters three weeks ago. (His family said at that time, Nov. 21, 1944, that he had broadcast information known only to them.)

He is none the worse for his starvation, exposure and thirst, and Japanese torture except that his weight is down from a normal 160 pounds to 143. But when Japanese fishermen captured him and Lieutenant Phillips in the Marshalls, he weighed only 87 pounds.

With another plane a half-hour ahead and out of sight, Phillips took off from Kualoa Airport on Oahu Island, Hawaii, on May 27, 1943, to search for a B-25 reported down 200 miles northwest of Palmyra. They took a jinx plane that no one liked to fly. The eager co-pilot asked Phillips to exchange seats with him, and the latter did. For that reason, the co-pilot is dead and Phillips lived.

At 2 o'clock that sunny day, the plane reached the area where the B-25 had gone down. Zamperini warned the crew to be on the lookout and was about to report to the pilot when the two port engines died, one after the other. There was a terrific explosion and Zamperini found his neck pinned beneath a machine-gun mount and coils of wire around his waist and legs holding him down.

He already had grabbed a life raft at the waist window. This and the ring on his finger saved his life. The plane dipped beneath the waves as it exploded. Zamperini, stuck in a part of the plane, was shot back to the surface,

and as light streamed through the window he saw two bodies float past, mangled beyond recognition.

Then the plane dived again. Zamperini estimated he was 40 feet beneath the surface. He yanked the cord inflating his Mae West life belt. This and the buoyancy of the raft pulled him upward, badly wrenching his neck and tearing flesh from his legs and body as the gun and wires reluctantly let him go. His ring caught on the window casing, badly gashing his finger, but now he knew in the darkness that he had one hand on the window. He wrenched it open and shot to the surface.

The water was covered with gasoline. The half-drowned Zamperini saw two rafts, and Phillips and MacIntyre struggling weakly in the sea. Zamperini clambered into the raft and pulled them in with him. Then he took the aluminum paddles and rowed 40 feet to the other raft, where he placed MacIntyre after lashing the two frail rubber boats together.

Phillips had a great triangular cut in his head, and other gashes. The raft was half full of mixed sea water and blood. Zamperini worked the pressure points on Phillips' body for six hours until bleeding stopped. Then he applied a compress to his head.

Rations consisted solely of six pounds of chocolate. Emergency water cans gave each man a few swallows for two days, then that was gone.

After that the adventure followed the usual raft-story pattern, except that it eclipsed them all in endurance. Lieu-

tenant Phillips appointed Lieutenant Zamperini captain of the rafts. Then they hungered, thirsted, and suffered from sun and salt water until their upper lips pressed against their noses and their lower lips were raw welts hanging slack "like the under lip of an African savage."

They caught two tiny fish, and once Zamperini grabbed a two-and-a-half-foot shark by the tail and ripped out its liver with a pair of pliers, their only implement of any kind. Three small birds and four albatrosses lit on the raft to rest; they caught them by the legs and ate them, after being badly bitten on the hands. That was their sustenance for 47 days.

"You would think people wouldn't want to talk about food at a time like that," Zamperini said, "but we enjoyed discussing meals. I had done a little cooking, and every day I had to prepare a menu for each imaginary meal, breakfast, dinner, supper, describing the preparations for each dish, even to the exact quantity of each ingredient. I was expected to spend two hours telling about each meal; and they listened to every word; they wouldn't have it otherwise."

"They would ask me, 'Well, what are we going to have for lunch today?' and I'd go on with the little play as if it were real. Strangely enough, this kept us cheerful."

Phillips' head compress began to smell. Zamperini knew this indicated maggots, which was the best medicine he could have prescribed, so he let the bandage alone until caked blood fell

out in chunks about the third week. Then he removed the dressing.

"There I found the most beautiful straight white thin scars you ever saw," he said.

On the 27th day they saw their third plane. All planes brought tragedy. On the second day, a B-25 flew by at 8,000 feet and two miles off, failing to notice the flares and dye markers on the water. On the third day, a plane passed directly overhead at 3,000 feet, despite the dye marks, and the flares that Zamperini fired in front of and behind it.

On the 27th day the rafts were under Japanese air lanes and the plane was a "Betty," a two-motored bomber that dived to 300 feet and mercilessly raked the rafts with its machine guns.

"The bullets missed us by hair-breadths," Zamperini declared, "and it was a miracle that none of us was scratched."

He slipped into the sea to hide while his comrades, now too weak to move, sprawled with their arms out as if dead. On each pass Zamperini ducked and each time fought off sharks, which closed in from both sides.

The young red-haired MacIntyre was by now a bearded skeleton, nothing but skin and bone. He had periods of mental derangement that Lieutenant Zamperini always cured by "threatening to report him," whereupon Army discipline reasserted itself and he then would be normal for a day or two more.

On the 33rd day the starving MacIntyre knew he was going to die. "How long will I last?" he asked,

whispering with great earnestness in his ghost of a voice.

Zamperini felt it was as well to be honest with the boy who knew his death was near. It would have been unkind to promise the lad any further agony. "I think," said Zamperini softly, "you'll die during the night."

"Yes, sir," the boy whispered. "I think you're right, Lieutenant Zamperini."

At 3 A.M., Zamperini heard a slight groan; young MacIntyre lay with his eyes closed, motionless. The lieutenant felt his pulse; there was none. He put his ear to the skeleton chest and heard no beat. The brave young heart was still forever.

As the sun broke above the rim of their lonely world Lieutenant Zamperini said the Lord's Prayer, then eulogized the boy for half an hour, telling of the lad's frequent kindnesses and good deeds. Then, to make the pathetic funeral like the service of the Catholic Church, which was the boy's faith and Lieutenant Zamperini's, too, he extemporized a prayer. Finally, with one hand pushing and the other merely guiding, Lieutenant Zamperini gently slid the shrunken body into the sun-dappled morning sea.

Burned by sun by day and drenched and frozen by night in the choppy waves, suffering as few men have, Lieutenants Zamperini and Phillips drifted on and on. They saw Japanese planes about every other day now, and from the time of the planes' arrival, a little earlier each day, and their course and speed, they knew they were drift-

ing directly into the Japanese-held Marshall Islands.

Heartened beyond measure, they bet a meal on who could guess the day they would make land. Zamperini picked the 47th day and won.

The raft bobbed sickeningly in a storm. Once when it rose to the top of a mountainous wave, Zamperini saw a patch of green.

"I had thought we'd go nuts if this happened," he asserted, "but actually I just remarked in a conversational tone, 'Say, Phillips, there's an island over there.'"

All that day and night they paddled when they were able. By morning they could hear the surf breaking on the coral reef. Then it stormed.

After the storm, they found themselves inside a lagoon, encircled by a dozen islets. When they were about 300 yards from the beach of the nearest island, a ship spotted the raft, straightened her course, and overhauled it swiftly.

None of the 15 Japanese understood English. Cautiously, they tied the fliers' hands behind their backs and seated them against a mast. The boat's captain made the crew stop some menacing horseplay and gave the captives a piece ofhardtack and a cup of water, their first food and drink in eight days.

"It was delicious," said Lieutenant Zamperini simply.

After traveling 30 miles, the Japanese transferred the prisoners and the raft to another boat and then went to Wotje, when the first order the fliers heard was an officer saying in English

as well as Japanese, "These are American fliers; treat them gently."

For three days on Wotje they were fed and cared for by a kindly Japanese doctor, slept on heavenly mattresses, and received a ration of strength-giving cognac.

Then they were transferred to Kwajalein. Kwajalein came to be another name for hell.

The fliers lived in this hellhole 43 days, with little air or light, their food consisting of a gob of rice "about midway between the size of a golf ball and a tennis ball" which the guards hurled at them three times a day, making them scramble like animals on the filthy floor.

On this and four tablespoons of soup with each "meal" they kept life in their bodies, wasted by 47 days' starvation. Every humiliation, every pain the Japanese could imagine was visited upon the fliers.

They were made to sing and dance and whistle for the coarse amusement of the Japanese. Guards poked long, sharp sticks into their cells and goaded and teased them like unfortunate beasts in Caligula's Colosseum. Yet their trials had but begun.

At Truk, the military searched them. Lieutenant Zamperini had in his wallet a prized clipping, one of the U. S. Treasury Department's warbond "Believe it or not" cartoons which showed him in running trunks and flying garb. In 1936, said the legend, Lou Zamperini ran on the U. S. team in the last Olympic Games in Berlin. On Christmas eve, 1942, he

was a bombardier in the historic raid on Wake Island. Half the transport's crew had been on Wake that Christmas eve.

"They'd seen the bloody mess we left," Lieutenant Zamperini said with still a touch of pride. The crew learned who Lieutenant Zamperini was and what he had done to Wake and to them. Fired by alcohol, they rushed aboard the ship that night and crowded into the room shared by the two fliers. One burly fellow spoke to Lieutenant Phillips: "Do you think Japan will win the war?"

Lieutenant Phillips answered, "No."

The Japanese punched him twice in the face. Then he asked the same question of Zamperini, who made the same reply. Now wildly infuriated, the Japanese balled his fist and swung with all his might at Lieutenant Zamperini's nose. He hit Lieutenant Zamperini four more times while the others cheered and waited for their turn.

A guard heard the beating and put a stop to it. Lieutenant Zamperini's nose was badly broken, but he set it himself by holding it in place with his fingers all day and much of the night for weeks.

He still has his clipping, blackened now from years in a secret compartment of his billfold which the Japanese never suspected.

Lieutenant Zamperini learned how Japanese in Japan treat a captive foe man the night he arrived in Yokohama, Sept. 15, 1943. They put him in the jump seat of a Chevrolet sedan; his long runner's legs would not cramp

into the space. A Japanese officer, irritated, struck him across his broken nose with a flashlight—six times.

"My nose bled," Lieutenant Zamperini said, "but did not break again."

At Amomori, Lieutenant Zamperini met "The Bird." This was Sergeant Watanabe, the husky frog-headed scion of a wealthy and prominent importing and exporting family. Watanabe was not low-class by birth; however, he was by the testimony of Lieutenant Zamperini and many others a sadistic maniac.

The prisoners called Watanabe "The Bird," because they did not dare speak his name aloud. He was the genius of evil who made Lieutenant Zamperini and others do "push-ups" across the unspeakable troughs that served as toilets—made them do push-ups on their poor, wasted arms until they collapsed of exhaustion with their faces in the germ-laden human excrement, which was what "The Bird" intended.

"The Bird" filled a tub with water and told Lieutenant Zamperini he was going to drown him in it. When he thought he had reached the peak of torture, he said abruptly, "I've changed my mind. I'll drown you tomorrow, instead."

Once he beat Zamperini on the head until his ears bled. He gave the flier tiny bits of paper to staunch the flow; when the blood ceased, Watanabe remarked affably, "Oh, it stop, eh?" and beat Lieutenant Zamperini some more. Lieutenant Zamperini was deaf in that ear for weeks.

"The Bird" followed Lieutenant Zamperini to Naoetsu, the flea-ridden pesthole 250 miles northwest of Tokyo on the western side of Honshu. Here the lavatories were indescribably filthy, with maggots crawling in the corruption on the floor. Many American officers stumbled from this glutted sewer, sickened. Japanese guards inspected their shoes, found the bottoms befouled and as punishment forced them to lick the soles with their tongues. Soon every man had diarrhea so severe that the pains made them scream.

"The Bird" put 98 enlisted men and five officers to work unloading coal from ships.

"You don't work, I'll kill you!"

Watanabe hated officers; his favorite punishment, which Zamperini underwent many times, was to line up the officers and force each of the enlisted men to walk down the line, striking each officer on the same side of the face with their fists. If the strength of the blow did not suit "The Bird" he would hit the enlisted man with a club and make him punch the same officer until his twisted soul was satisfied.

"As each man struck an officer, 'The Bird' would say, 'Next!' and that got to be the horrid chant which was all we heard or knew of what was going on," Lieutenant Zamperini declared. "Next, next, next—like the tramp of feet."

Soon the officers learned to save themselves additional blows by urging their enlisted men to strike with all their might the first time and get it over.

"After all," said Lieutenant Zamperini, "we'd rather be struck by our own men than by those dirty Jap hands. It was worse to watch a beating than to take one; for eventually you became unconscious and knew nothing about the prolonged beating and kicking of your senseless body."

The catalogue of crimes could run on and on. There was no limit to the inventiveness of the sadists at Naoetsu. "The Bird" was gone from there when the surrender came and the guards suddenly became solicitous and kind. Lieutenant Lou Zamperini has left, too, but he and hundreds more will never forget.



As Often As You Do It

The bell tolls for you and for me. Is a Chinese hungry? We cannot eat our bread in peace. Is a Negro naked? We must all blush. Is there anywhere a child homeless, a woman mistreated, a grandfather neglected? In some sense we have failed. God sends no mouth to earth without sending food. In the household of humanity, at the table of mankind, there is enough for all, if only we will stop grabbing.

Reynold Hillenbrand in an address.

Holy Desert in the Mountains

The beginning of things

By EUDORA GARRETT

Condensed from *Mary Immaculate**

High on a mountaintop, 75 miles from Mexico City along a pilgrim route, and about half as far for the birds, stands the *Santo Desierto de Tenancingo*. It is not as old as many monasteries in this country of the Guadalupana, nor as imposing in size and ornamentation. But few Mexicans outside Tenancingo valley and Toluca, and almost no tourists, seem to know of its existence. It isn't listed in guidebooks. But now a highway is projected from much-toured Taxco to connect with Toluca to the north, with the little town of Tenancingo on the route. The *Desierto* is only seven or eight miles from Tenancingo, and a road built five years ago to supplant the burro trail is easily maneuvered. The Carmelite Fathers of Toluca and Mexico City can now welcome groups wishing to make retreats.

A chance remark from a stranger was my introduction to the *Santo Desierto* last December. With a Catholic Mexican friend I had been spending some days at the hot mineral baths of Ixtapan de la Sal. As we prepared to leave, my friend suggested we visit an old monastery on our return drive to Mexico City.

At Tenancingo we turned right toward the mountains and after four miles of level approach found ourselves on a well-graded road, making

a steady ascent to the highest peak. Before we realized the height, we saw clouds floating below us, and landscapes of spectacular and breath-taking beauty unfolding.

At the top we came upon a time-worn arch, opening on a long, double avenue of giant cypress trees that sheltered a broad pathway. We knew then our monastery wasn't lost, except to the world; it must exist up here in the heavens at the other end of that path.

About halfway between arch and monastery lies the small community of Carmel where 20 or more little grass-thatched habitations shelter Indian families whose ancestors probably lived there when pagan altars dotted the mountaintop. They now act as "laymen's guard" over the *Desierto*, meeting in the monastery chapel for Rosary in the late afternoons and attending Masses offered twice a month by Carmelite Fathers from Toluca or San Angel, near Mexico City.

A little *muchacho* guided us along a trail that led mostly over jutting cypress-tree roots. Finally, after passing three small and beautiful hermitages which the boy said were called La Magdalena, San José, and Santa Bibiana, we came within sight of the monastery. I would have said it couldn't be built.

The stone-and-timber buildings are

**De Mazenod Scholasticate, P. O. Box 96, San Antonio, 6, Texas. October, 1945.*

of classic simplicity. The lines of the weather-worn tower and dome and of the three massive arches of the cross-shaped chapel, and the compact unity with which long rows of habitations fit about inner patios all spell architectural genius. This work of man is fitted into the grandeur of nature on the mountaintop without a jarring note; the *Santo Desierto* belongs there as naturally as the pines of its sheltering forest.

There are but 28 cells in the monastery, but on that first visit I thought there were at least 100. I know now it was the all-enveloping silence, the utter remoteness, that made me remember as quantity what existed so overwhelmingly as quality! Never in any spot consecrated to the faith have I felt more aware of the supernatural.

Each cell is spacious, filled with light and fresh mountain air from deep-seated windows that open to outer gardens on two sides of the grouped buildings. Each cell is decorated with two black-and-white drawings, one of Christ Crucified and the other of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Identical furnishings consist of a high desk and a bed of thick wooden slabs, obviously hand-cut from trees of the surrounding forest. The boards glisten with a patina of many years' usage, a sheen to stir envy in those aware of the beauty of antique woods.

Beyond the two long corridors of habitations and an enclosed courtyard we discovered a large refectory, where a simple cross set in the floor near the entrance dominates the room. Further

on are storerooms, a big kitchen with charcoal ovens, another courtyard with colored-mosaic fountain, and rooms leading off the sacristy in which sanctuary furnishings, paintings, and statues damaged through revolutionary pillaging are stored.

At last we came to the chapel, which opens off a cobbled patio in the center of the monastery, and here surprise reaches its height, because this home for the Blessed Sacrament is as well appointed and perfectly kept as any city church where Mass is offered daily. Paintings of extraordinary quality and a score or more of well-chosen statues adorn the walls. The altar is surmounted by a serenely beautiful figure of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

A colorful story is attached to a hand-carved crucifix, in a small chapel to the right of the altar, known at the *Desierto* as *El Señor de los Siete Sueros*. It is somewhat similar to the famous Christ of Limpias in Spain, but represents the Saviour in the repose of death. It came into possession of a nun, who decided to bequeath it to some Mexican monastery where it would be fittingly venerated. To make an impartial choice she cast lots; the name of the Carmelite Fathers emerged seven times in succession, and with that the Sister was satisfied. The statue eventually was brought to the *Santo Desierto*, where its name of Our Lady of the Seven Chances also satisfies the imagination of innumerable Indians who come from miles around.

After being driven from the Holy Land by the Saracens, Carmelites usu-



N. ZIMMER

Through her we may see Him
Made sweeter, not made dim,
And her hand leaves His light
Sifted to suit our sight.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

Carry On the

SP/

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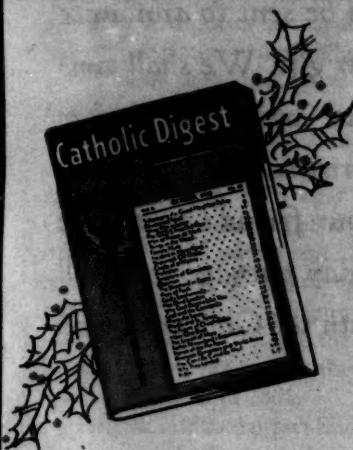
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ally founded "deserts" near their churches. Members of the Order would spend certain periods in those places of silence and prayer so that the original contemplative rule might be observed along with their active mission in the world.

The first of those monasteries founded in Mexico was the *Desierto de los Leones*, begun in 1606 near Mexico City. It is now a sort of poorly reconstructed national monument. The second was the *Santo Desierto*, which some records state was begun during the same century, although the Blessed Sacrament was not moved there from the first center until 1801.

I forsook additional fact-finding for the pleasure of talks with the people of the region, especially Don José Salgado of Tenancingo. The lifelong devotion of this gentle octogenarian to the *Desierto* included 13 years of voluntary, unpaid restoration; he subsequently refused former President Cardenas' offer of recompense with the words, "I cannot accept pay from the government for something I have done for my faith." He told me of five holy monks who lived for years in a cave on the mountain after being banished from the monastery through the "Reform Laws" of 1857; and how they were secretly fed and clothed by the people;

of the beloved Fray Pedro de Santa Maria who later lived there alone for more than 30 years and at whose death (so say the people) the church bells tolled with no hand to move them. Don José gave me pictures of the place; for which I could give him only the favorite medal off my rosary. One does not "pay" Don José for things, which probably explains why, though once a man of property, he now works quietly in a little leather shop, one of the happiest human beings I have ever encountered.

Even the fiesta atmosphere at the *Santo Desierto* is different from other places; those who come walking to this mountain height have an intensity of devotion and love that shines in their faces. Friends from different villages meet; there is much news to discuss and good fellowship to renew; but the spirit of this holy retreat permeates all words and actions.

Walking back to Carmel village along the avenue of cypresses, I prayed that the subtle spell of Mexico's high and holy Desert of Tenancingo might never be shattered nor lost, no matter what inroads of modernity it might suffer. I prayed hard, too, that tourists would come to Mexico not as casual visitors, but as pilgrims to the cradle of Catholicism in the New World.



Down and Up

Everyone is on a cross. Some ask to be taken down like the thief on the left; others ask to be taken up like the thief on the right.

Fulton J. Sheen.

Germans Are Humans

By KARL BRANDT

Condensed from the *Progressive**

Who will throw the stone?

The German people, the 70 million of them, are beaten, impoverished, threatened by famine—most of their cities in shambles. But still they are there, with their abilities and gifts, and their claim as human beings to some sort of existence. The German land is there, in the very heart of western Europe, with its resources and strategic importance in the political and economic fabric of Europe, irrespective of the German people.

Whether Europe will have peace depends largely on how good a moral basis for that peace we build. Only if our decisions are born of intelligence, sound judgment, and true statesmanship will the sacrifices we have made not be in vain.

What I say is purely my personal opinion as a private citizen keenly interested in the security of our country in the years to come, and in the peace of tomorrow. Born and educated in Germany, I lived and worked under the Weimar Republic, and for it. I saw the rise of the gangster regime. After tasting the daily medicine of nazi tyranny and terror for six months, I left Germany on my own initiative, came to this land of the free, and for 12 years have given my undivided loyalty to the cause of freedom.

The essence of what I have to suggest is contained in this formula: Hard

military and political peace terms have to be combined with a policy that will offer the German people opportunity to rehabilitate themselves, find their way back into the family of nations as respected members, and carve for their children a lot better than their own.

All agree readily that the German armed forces, including the general staff, must be abolished, equipment and military installations destroyed, and revival of military activities prohibited. A few military-intelligence officers living in Germany can watch violations of the peace, and a single international bombing squadron can enforce the law. Such a police force should act automatically under standing regulations whenever violation is established.

We encounter difficulties, however, when we approach the political element of the peace formula, because here we have to tackle the intricate job of rehabilitation and moral reconstruction, and we have to denazify Germany. It is tremendously difficult to create a new moral and psychological atmosphere in a nation so thoroughly scourged by 12 years of gangsterism and total military defeat. Yet, we lose the peace to Hitler unless we succeed with the moral reconstruction of the relations between nations, including Germany.

The moral principles of the western

*Tenney Building, Madison, 3, Wis. Oct. 15-22, 1943.

World, with its Judaeo-Christian foundation and its political tradition, were trampled upon in Germany; we must reinstate and fortify them. Chief among those principles are genuine tolerance, respect for the inalienable rights of the individual and the family, respect for due process of law, and honesty. We forfeit the opportunity to restore those principles if we do not refrain from retribution against the vanquished, and from employing the methods used by the defeated gangster regimes.

To condemn whole groups or classes is a violation of the basic principles of justice. We hold individuals, not classes, responsible for their acts. Nor can we punish soldiers merely for acts of warfare without eliminating the legal ground upon which we stand for our acts and those of our Allies.

After the war-criminal trials and the first very brief phase of occupation, peace must be declared. The idea of making the German people a collective criminal awaiting trial for many years will sabotage efforts to bring them back to peaceful cooperation.

There should soon be a new German government and administration. The new government should be composed of representatives of all political groups—left-wing, center, and right, insofar as those groups believe in constitutional government.

The German constitution should be based on the Swiss system of a confederacy of relatively equal cantons or states. Prussia would thus be broken up into several self-governing regional

units; this would be the best guarantee against repetition of that section's aggressive ventures, and would forestall overcentralization.

Germany should retain her 1936 territory, particularly if any neighboring countries should insist upon deporting all German minorities, and she should not be broken up as a unit. Destroying Germany as a unit would misdirect all the energies needed for a peaceful reconstruction toward the nationalistic effort of reunion.

The German people themselves must accomplish their denazification. We must cooperate closely with the good Germans who have stood against the Nazis and believe in morality and law. Not only do I believe all Germans are not vicious and guilty, but I know a large number are as much the victims of the Hitler gang as were all the others he conquered.

Merely teaching the German people how wicked the Nazis were is only a step toward rehabilitation. Genuine rehabilitation will be under way when the young are inspired with positive ideals of a civilized democratic society, and realize the extent to which they can contribute to it.

We ought to cooperate with the churches, give them freedom to restore respect for the religion on which our western civilization is built. The greatest heroes who have kept the torch of moral principles burning in Germany can be found among the clergy, particularly the Catholic.

We should refrain from foisting foreign educational systems on the Ger-

mans, but assist their anti-nazi educators to rebuild the school system. But we must not be so arrogant and stupid as to impose foreign teachers and foreign propaganda upon German schools, colleges, and universities, because that is the surest way of rehabilitating the nazis.

The chief opportunity for fostering the peaceful pursuit of happiness lies in the economic realm. Though it is not true, as Marxian doctrine claims, that war springs exclusively from economic causes, persistent national economic distress does promote extreme nationalism, and foments war.

The German people must contribute their share to reconstruction of devastated areas, and restore all stolen property. But wisdom of statesmen should prevent exaction of immediate reparations in kind that destroy production sources. Taking from 70 ruined cities the machines that survived bombing is a means of destroying future production.

An argument has found in Bernard Baruch a new advocate. It proposes to forbid the Germans and the Japanese ever exporting industrial goods, to prevent damage to the welfare of the American people by the product of "sweated labor." Prof. Howard S. Ellis very ably replied, in the *New York Times*, that if this were sound reasoning, America must try to stop exports from Great Britain and all other United Nations.

Mr. Baruch's argument is being used vociferously by various industrial groups in Allied countries. The British

Association of Optical Manufacturers urges the Allies to prohibit for a generation the production of optical glass or optical products in Germany. Other people speak of dynamiting the remnants of the German chemical industry.

Of course, this method of eliminating competition is in stark violation of Principle 4 of the Atlantic Charter. This sort of philosophy insinuates that one of the purposes of our fighting, and of making the sacrifices we did, was to make certain industries here more profitable, and suggests the utility of war as a means of eliminating outside competition.

The third argument claims that destruction of German industries is necessary as a means of punishing the German nation, as atonement for the crimes committed by the German people. This argument is born of desire for revenge; even in the Old Testament the Lord says that revenge is *His*, not man's.

Hundreds of specialists are devising elaborate plans for forcing the German people down to a standard of living lower than that of the poorest victimized nation, and keeping them in that perpetual concentration camp. The cruel tragi-comedy is that those persons believe this is the way to secure the peace.

The same punitive argument is used to justify a plan envisaging transfer of many millions of Germans into countries which have suffered because of German military campaigns, to serve as slave laborers. If certain people

numb their consciences by saying that the nazis, too, used slave labor, they admit they are willing to drag the peace down to the level of nazi depravity. Two wrongs can never make a right.

Germany should be forced to do certain specific amounts of reconstruction work in foreign countries. She could organize this on a large scale by hiring voluntary workers under specific labor-union contracts. To force many millions, perhaps soldiers who have already served four or five years, into slave camps abroad is something for which there has been no parallel in history since the Babylonian exile of the Jews 570 years before Christ.

The most common line of emotional reasoning regarding the peace is:

"The nazis organized the beastliest atrocities with scientific scrutiny and industrial efficiency. The German people knew about them but did not do anything about them, therefore all Germans are to blame for Hitler, the SS, the Gestapo, and all that they have committed.

"There are no good Germans. All Germans are congenitally and racially vicious. They were always that way, and even in defeat and misery, arrogant, and therefore incorrigible." Not only do I read this story day in and day out, but throughout the country I am asked why it is that all the Germans are obviously degenerates. I accept the facts about the sickening atrocities, but I do refuse to jump so quickly to such plausible, and yet such painfully false conclusions.

I find myself in wholehearted agreement with the authoritative statement about the background of those crimes in Justice Jackson's recent report to the President about the prosecution of war criminals, which shows how brigands and gangsters enslaved first the German people themselves by terror for seven long years before the eyes and ears of the world.

Sadly enough, neither the free people of Great Britain nor of the U. S. did anything about those outrages, other than to accept large numbers of refugees.

In San Francisco we accepted a convicted murderer, Baron von Killinger, as consul-general of the nazi regime, over the protest of German refugees. The British government, in 1939, issued the second White Book on nazi Germany entitled, *Papers Concerning the Treatment of German Nationals*, with a full account of the torture and killing of German nationals at Buchenwald. Unfortunately, His Majesty's government published those documents only after Hitler invaded Poland, because during the years of appeasement it did not wish to disturb its relations with the gangster government. Ever since March, 1933, our government in Washington has been entirely aware of the wholesale torture of peaceful Germans.

From 1939 through the spring of 1945, the torture and liquidation of Germans in camps was increased, and the system perfected in the years before 1939 was then applied elsewhere.

All Germans knew about it. But a

day after Hitler came to power, terror was in effect. You had a choice then, between being quiet or being silenced in torture camps. I had voted against Hitler, and I was well known as an anti-nazi. I plotted with good and solid friends, many of whom later paid with their lives, kicked and beaten to bloody pulp by the same type of criminal we execute here for murder, but who, there, went into uniform.

Up to this day I have not found in the U. S. one person who could tell me specifically what I or any other German should have done to stop the Gestapo, SA, or SS, from torturing people to death. Millions of the best Germans had no opportunity to emigrate, nor did they want to give up what they loved. My fullest sympathy and deep respect is with them. Through no fault of their own, they have lost their beloved ones, possessions, honor, and country.

In 12 happy years of my second life in America, I have grown fond of the many excellent qualities of our people, but I have not been able to convince myself that American men and women are essentially different timber than the good Germans I have known. Naturally, the negative emotions of hatred, bitterness, and revenge affect nothing so much as our judgment about the German people. Eventually these emotions lure us onto the slippery pavement of self-righteousness and the cheap illusion that fortunately we are free from all faults. But I am convinced that under the same system of terror by a well-organized, omnipresent, and

brutal secret police, they would be just as hopelessly trapped as the good Germans were. In fact, I know they have been, where sectional reigns of terror allowed gang warfare to depose civil rights, and men to be tortured and murdered who dared speak, regardless of the Constitutional guarantee of freedom of speech.

These sectional reigns of terror were brought to a halt only because the brigands did not capture the whole government, as they did in Germany. During a year in Louisiana I made a post-mortem study of Huey Long's regime. It was sadly similar to the nazis'.

You will perhaps ask why the Germans didn't do something to rid themselves of Hitler and his henchmen. They did. Half a dozen attempts to assassinate him were made—by rifle, dynamite, and bomb. Many thousands were slaughtered in revenge.

Adam von Trott zu Solz, a Rhodes scholar, who was my guest here in 1940, organized the last and greatest plot in July, 1944, with associates in all spheres of life and in the highest ranks of the Army. Long before D-day this group had solid contact with the Allies and wanted desperately to end the war after killing Hitler. They failed, and died on the gallows. Several thousand other anti-nazis were simultaneously slaughtered.

No, by far not all Germans are guilty of the depravity of the nazis. Or, if in the face of the evidence they should be declared guilty, then I, and the 100,000 Germans who came to this country as refugees, are guilty too—

along with Thomas Mann, Chancellor Brüning, Albert Einstein, and many others. If this guilt lies in the blood, what about the many millions of good Americans of German descent, including generals and admirals, former presidents, senators, congressmen, and industrial leaders? If individual German civilians who were in the trap are guilty for not having stopped Hitler, why are not the statesmen of the Great Powers, who fed whole nations—such as Austria and Czechoslovakia—to the beast to appease it, guilty as well?

Why could Hitler cow all the conquered countries almost overnight? Because he found in all of them large numbers of nationals to do the dirty job of coercing, torturing, and killing fellow citizens for him. The Norwegian, Dutch, Belgian, French, and Czech quislings were Hitler's and Himmler's pals: the good Germans, Dutch, Belgians, Czechs, and Poles were their sworn enemies.

Any society, any nation, has that potentially vicious element. Once it gets in the saddle, terror, torture, and atrocities naturally follow. For proof, read the history of the French revolution, the Chinese Boxer rebellion, or the several Russian revolutions and countermeasures.

In our own midst we have potentially excellent candidates for an SS or Gestapo. What about those fellow citizens who throw dynamite at three-star mothers of Nisei soldiers, or who, on my last train trip, spouted anti-Semitic venom loudly in the dining car?

Such members of our society are

all dyed-in-the-wool Hitlerites without knowing it. So is a scholar who recently said that all the 70 million Germans are not worth the life of even one American boy. He does not know that he quoted verbatim what Hitler said about the Poles. Let us be eternally on guard that such men of ill will never get in the saddle.

I am confident that the American public will, soon, endorse a hard but just peace for the German people that will open the way to political and economic rehabilitation. We are duty-bound to accomplish this task for our own future. If we fail, our Allies closer to the scene will not, because they know too well the disastrous consequences involved in leaving 70 million people to starve in the midst of ruin.

This winter, without relief, 5 or 6 million German men, women, and children will die of starvation. If we do nothing to prevent this catastrophe, and let the innocent perish with the guilty, we will smother in bitterness the beginning of rehabilitation, and we will frustrate forever the desire of all the good Germans to cooperate with us in the de-nazification and pacification of their people.

Many nations who are united with us more in form than in spirit will put the blame for such catastrophe under U. S. and British military government squarely upon us. The death of millions of Germans under our occupation would cause the greatest embarrassment to our nation—abroad and at home. Morally, politically, and socially, America cannot afford the risk.

War Gains of Medicine

By ALEXANDER GRIFFIN

Condensed from *The Sign**

Roses on the thorn bush

In its constant fight to keep war casualties at a minimum, the Army made remarkable advances. A few come readily to mind: DDT, the wonder insecticide snatched from a 75-year-old obscurity on a chemist's shelf because a flower crop failing in far-off Kenya Colony on Africa's east coast cut off supplies of practically the only effective insecticide for combating the malarial mosquito; penicillin, a laboratory curiosity which mushroomed into the armed forces' No. 1 anti-infection weapon, after it halted the spread of abscesses in a dying artilleryman's brain; the rubber life raft which unrolls and inflates from a portable package to a seagoing boat the instant it hits the water.

Other discoveries and advances are less well known. Three great contributions have come about because laboratories for the first time had enough human blood to make extensive experiments. Of the 12 million pints of blood donated for our fighting forces, some was turned over to laboratories for experimental purposes. The results were threefold: a successful antiserum blood plasma foam invaluable in delicate surgical operations; a foolproof serum for determining the type of blood to be used in various transfusions; and a measles antiserum. The last, known as gamma globulin, is produced in the

form of a coarse powder, mixed in a salt solution, and injected into individuals exposed to measles.

This effective method of measles control was developed by outstanding medical scientists conducting research for the Preventive Medicine Service of the Office of the Surgeon General. Preliminary work involved breaking blood plasma into seven fractions. One is the gamma globulin, which contains all the so-called antibodies in the blood. These antibodies are the chemical factors which tend to establish an individual's immunity after a particular contagious disease. A person who has contracted measles does not, generally speaking, contract a second attack because his blood contains the antibodies to fight off infection.

Blood donated through Red Cross stations comes from thousands who have established immunity against innumerable contagious diseases, including typhoid fever, scarlet fever, diphtheria, and others, as well as measles. Thus far, however, technicians have concerned themselves only with investigating use of gamma globulin as a measles preventive.

Studies have resulted in accumulation of data on more than 1,000 persons. Much of the study was carried on in eastern Army camps, but one significant study was made at an east-

ern girls' college where a mild measles epidemic was reported. Sixty-seven exposed students with no previous measles history were given injections of the solution, while 38 other susceptible students not injected were used as a control group. In the group treated with gamma globulin only one girl came down with an "average" case of measles. Three others contracted "modified" measles and eight came down with "mild" measles. Among the 38 girls not treated were 18 cases of "average" measles and five cases of "mild" measles.

Gamma globulin measles immunization supplants an earlier treatment which utilized an injection of an extract from human placenta, described by medical men as "not too effective." Unlike the earlier treatment, gamma globulin injections are reported to be nontoxic and to have little or no reaction. The new antiserums, researchers say, are most effective on children under two.

Another step forward in medicine was made on a battlefield, Hill 609, that mound of Tunisian earth made memorable for the first great American battle of the second World War. It was the starting point of an epidemic of jaundice which spread among American troops as they moved from Africa, to Sicily, to Italy, finally to become pandemic among American forces in every theater in Europe and continental U. S. In the U. S. it spread among civilians.

In Italy, jaundice was so bad that it caused more "casualties" than deaths

and wounds at the front combined. It kept men from duty two to three months and finally became so serious that a jaundice commission was sent to Naples to make a thorough study of the disease. There the commission proceeded to check the chemical, serological, immunological (animal experimentation), and transmissibility angles of jaundice. In backtracking along the course of the epidemic they came to Hill 609.

The Hill had been fought for over ground inundated by summer floods when its slight elevation offered practically the only dry land on the battlefield. The battle had seesawed for days. As a result, our troops had camped on ground just vacated by the enemy. When the Hill and the battle were finally won, a sizable bag of German prisoners was taken. The majority had jaundice.

The first signs of trouble among American troops who had taken the Hill was an epidemic of diarrhea in July. By autumn an epidemic of jaundice had broken out.

Checking over that first outbreak, the commission found that headquarters of combat regiments and divisions got it in higher proportions than base sections or those taking care of sick soldiers. That showed that it was not very contagious in the ordinary sense. Then, a link was noted in the seasons of the year when flies were prevalent and the country flooded. It was guessed that jaundice is a filth disease transferred through the agency of flies, polluted water, and other means, much as

dysentery is. Therefore, it is a preventable disease brought on by war conditions. There are special reasons, however, for its spreading among civilians in the U. S.

The special reasons were uncovered. Experiments were carried out on conscientious objectors who volunteered. They willingly agreed to undergo injections of waste matter from jaundice victims and to be subjects of scientific observations during the course of the disease. It was discovered that such waste matter infected three out of five with jaundice and that the disease was virus borne. The conclusion was clear because the incubation period was long (from 21 to 30 days) and because the blood count dropped during the infected period. And while the virus itself has not yet been isolated, researchers have come up with fairly conclusive proof that the infecting agent (or agents, for there are different kinds of jaundice) is a particularly hardy type. Experiments have shown that jaundice viruses can stand temperatures as high as 70° Centigrade; most viruses are killed off at 45°. Recent medical theory is that jaundice viruses can live in public water systems even where chlorine is a disinfecting agent.

The Army, as a result of the investigation both in Naples and at home, is using the most advanced therapy. It is not earthshaking but it departs from previous practice in advocating a high-protein diet rich in milk. In addition, blood plasma is given for certain types of the disease. The Army has, with the use of this treatment, reduced the

period in the sickbed by as much as a third.

Cryotherapy, the therapeutic use of cold, is something that all of us will hear about more and more because of the great advances in this therapy by the Navy during war. It is not new. Ice and cold applications have been used since the days of Hippocrates. The medicine men of Arab tribes, roaming the scorching desert, recommended cold treatments for many of the diseases then known. It is said that Napoleon's surgeons, during the retreat from Moscow, reported that the intense cold of Russian plains made amputations almost painless. During the last century cold-brine solutions were used to minimize pain and suffering. Shortly before the war, "frozen sleep" was widely hailed as a step in the treatment of cancer and diabetes. From all these and the carnage of the second World War has come evolution in cold surgery to its present status of highly perfected, mechanically controlled, frozen anesthesia.

One of the first uses of ice therapy in the war was made on the U. S. hospital ship, *Solace*, in 1944. Among the wounded taken aboard the *Solace* from a battle-wrecked Navy destroyer was a young seaman whose right thigh had been torn open by a Japanese bomb. Some 24 hours of only rudimentary first-aid treatment had preceded his arrival, and his condition was extremely serious. Loss of blood and severe shock made it improbable that he would ever survive the immediate amputation considered necessary.

Navy surgeons applied a small rubber tourniquet above the wound, sprinkled the injured area with sulfa powder, and then bandaged it loosely with vaseline gauze.

Finally, the entire leg was placed in an insulated cabinet. The cabinet then was attached to the Freon cooling unit in the ship drinking fountain and, with the refrigeration thus obtained, the leg was chilled to just above the freezing point.

The wounded leg responded amazingly. First, the patient reported that almost all pain disappeared. Then the leg lost its cyanosis, or blue appearance due to insufficiently circulated blood. Infection growing from the wound was definitely checked.

For 29 days, the sailor lay with his leg in the refrigerated cabinet while Navy doctors bolstered up his strength with whole-blood and plasma transfusions. At the end of that time, his condition was deemed good enough to undergo the amputation; the operation was performed and the sailor recovered.

Medical advances hold such a fascination that there is a tendency to overlook the mechanical advances. Many a soldier's life hung on a gadget, a nut or bolt, an electronic tube no bigger than your little finger, a tiny battery which withstood the heat and humidity of tropical battlefields.

Most were developed from ordinary Americans' ideas, solicited by the government. Even before outbreak of war, President Roosevelt had set up the National Inventor's Council, which op-

erated under the Department of Commerce. By the end of the war it had acted as the clearinghouse for 400,000 ideas, inventions, and just plain suggestions on any and all subjects related to war effort. What it really did was to screen out the worthy and unworthy, channeling the worth while to the agencies which could use them, for a final verdict.

One was the portable mine detector with which we are familiar. It was brought in to the Council originally as the primitive tool of a Florida treasure hunter who had designed and used it successfully in locating the buried cannon and metal gear of long-sunken Spanish galleons.

He thought the Navy might need it for submarine detection. The Navy didn't, but the Army needed a mine detector for the first invasion of the war, Africa. The awkward gear of the beachcomber was quickly refined by the Signal Corps and a production miracle delivered it in time for the African landings.

The Navy, on the other hand, was looking for a signaling mirror for rubber-raft survival equipment. The mirror had to signal in color, for the apparatus then in use merely reflected the sun, and plane rescue pilots often mistook distress flashes for sun glints on the water. A California gas-station operator sent in a vest pocket heliograph he had developed for his Boy Scout troop. It flashed in orange and red and could also be used at night by flashlight. The inventor presented it gratis, refusing to accept any money,

but was finally persuaded by the Council to patent his heliograph. More than a million of the Boy Scouts' mirrors have gone into Navy survival kits.

Behind the frantic search for life-saving measures was the ever-growing number of American casualties: loss of the cruiser *Juneau* and all but five of her crew; the toll on the Normandy beaches on D-day; decimation of the air-borne troops at Arnhem; the thousands of lives it cost to take the tiny atoll of Tarawa. But most shocking was the official figure of American dead and wounded in the storming of Iwo Jima: 4,189 dead, 441 missing, and 15,308 wounded, higher than the number of Union casualties in any of the bloody battles of the Civil War excepting Gettysburg. The woman who wrote to the Navy, "Please, for God's sake, stop sending our finest youth to be murdered on places like Iwo Jima. It is too much for boys to stand; too much for mothers and homes to take. It is driving some mothers crazy. Why can't objectives be accomplished some

other way? It is most inhuman and awful—stop!" reflected in some degree the horror of all who read those dreadful figures.

Yet American soldiers were the best equipped in the world, and whenever they were wounded their chances of recovery were at an all-time high. Had comparable casualties been suffered by Union forces in the Civil War, the death rate among them, even after they reached a hospital, would have been 14.6. Under comparable circumstances in the Spanish-American war, 4.6 out of every 100 men would have died. Even in the first World War, the death rate among hospitalized wounded took eight out of every 100. But for the second World War, the number dropped to a new low.

The Navy reports the over-all death rate among wounded sailors and marines for every Pacific campaign to date is only 2.3%. This new record bears eloquent testimony to the medical progress which has come out of the carnage that is war.



When Sgt. Ted Lewitt was going on furlough in Rome and announced he would visit the Pope, several of his buddies asked him to take along their rosaries and have them blessed by His Holiness. At the audience, the Pope blessed the rosaries and then asked, in English, "Catholic?"

"No," answered the sergeant, "Jewish."

The Pope took Lewitt's rosary-laden hand and gave him his blessing in Hebrew.

Capt. A. C. Bromirski.

The Mystery of Cerro Ruido

Gone with the storm

By NORMAN G. WALLACE

Condensed from *Arizona Highways**

Down on the border, between Arizona and Sonora, Mexico, where the international line turns northwesterly towards the Gulf of California, there is a high mountain in the Pajarito range which has been known for centuries as Cerro Ruido, or Noisy Mountain.

The Pajarito mountains roughly parallel the boundary, just west of Nogales, for 25 miles. They form a high gabled roof along the border, from which many small clear streams run through narrow valleys or rocky canyons, with a heavy growth of oak and juniper blanketing the whole. There is water, running or in pools, in all the canyons, and Papago Indians gave this region the name Arizonac, or Place of Many Springs. Thus Arizona owes its name to the country surrounding old Cerro Ruido.

Cerro Ruido is one of the highest peaks in the range, and the craggy rocks of its summit reach an elevation of 6,000 feet. Cerro Ruido gets its name from the sounds which sometimes come from it, different each time. The summer, just before the rainy season, is the best time to hear the noise; but one may wait in vain to hear it. Sometimes it sounds like a lonely old bull roaring to himself far up in one of the oak-hidden valleys, near the foot of the mountain; then again

it sounds like the rumble of an empty wagon coming down a grade. Again, when the day is still and the bright sun is pouring its heat over the countryside, it sounds like the lowest notes of the largest pipe organ in the world, strangely vibrant and penetrating, the song of a mountain singing to itself in its solitude.

The rugged character of the Pajarito range has prevented penetration by roads. The first Spanish explorers, padres and soldiers, had to detour around the mountains to travel between the settlements in Sonora and the presidios or missions on the Santa Cruz river in what is now southern Arizona. Thus the paths of the Spanish pioneers led far away from the rocky canyons surrounding old Cerro Ruido, and he roared away to himself in the sunshine out of hearing of human ears.

Father Kino was the first Jesuit to explore northern Sonora and what is now southern Arizona. Using his home mission at Dolores, near Magdalena, Sonora, for a base, he followed the rich bottom lands, founding missions, converting Indians and starting them off on profitable agricultural ventures.

Father Kino's missions numbered about 25, three of which were in southern Arizona and the remainder in northern Sonora. The missions in what is now Arizona were the Guebabi, on

*Phoenix, Ariz.

the banks of the Santa Cruz river not far from Nogales; the Tumacacori on the Santa Cruz, about 19 miles north of Nogales; and San Xavier del Bac, also on the Santa Cruz, nine miles south of Tucson. The missions in Sonora were strung all along the Alter valley and the Magdalena river, as well as along the part of the Santa Cruz river flowing below the border. Those missions all were built within a day's journey of each other.

The records of Kino and others collected by modern historians do not show any trails through the mountains, although one trail is noted by Kino himself as having been traveled only once. At all other times he traveled by trails around the entire Pajarito range. However, old people of Mexican ancestry along the Santa Cruz near Tumacacori tell many tales of a trail of the padres through the Pajarito mountains not far from old Cerro Ruido.

They also hand down tales of lost Spanish mines and even of a lost mission where much treasure has been hidden. So many have listened and have spent years seeking the treasures and mines that fact has become lost in fiction. I have been regaled many times with tales, told by well-meaning persons; all have been enlarged upon at each telling.

Some mines were discovered, however, around the Santa Rita mountains near Tumacacori, and in the Alter valley in Sonora were some rich gold placer mines as well as silver veins. They were all discovered after Father

Kino died, about 1711. In 1736, on the old Arizona ranch not far south of Cerro Ruido, the rich *planches de plata*, or "slabs of silver" were found. Large masses of pure silver were found on top of the ground, some weighing more than a ton, and the resultant excitement reached the king of Spain, who claimed the whole district as his own. Prospecting spread as far as the Santa Rita mountains, and many mines were discovered, most of them silver-bearing. Strange to say, there is no record of a Spanish mine in the Pajarito mountains, although some have been discovered since about 1880 and worked out.

One of the favorite tales is about a lost mission, with a large amount of bullion buried near to hide it from the soldiers of the Spanish king. Maps have been made by persons claiming access to old records in Sonora (all in Spanish, of course).

One tale concerns a cowboy from a ranch not far from Nogales who, while chasing a cow, fell from his stumbling horse and heard the horse's hoofs strike something with a metallic ring. He picked up a small piece of metal kicked off by the horse and then resumed his chase. Weeks later, wishing to obtain some lead, he was unable to melt the metal. It was pure silver. Then the tale revived of the burro train of gold and silver bullion from Sonora approaching the Tumacacori mission, while Spanish soldiers lay in wait to claim the king's share; but the packers hid the bullion in a small wash and came to town loaded with fire

wood. Then, so goes the story, all were killed by Apaches and the trainload of silver and gold bullion was forever lost.

As far as lost missions are concerned, there is no record of a mission whose location has not been checked by modern historians. Two or three missions are mentioned, however, which seem to have been founded before exact dates were recorded. Taking into account the Alter string of missions in Sonora and the three on the Santa Cruz river in southern Arizona, with a rugged mountain range separating them, together with the desire of the padres to visit them without making the detour around the mountains, could another mission or small church have been constructed on a forgotten trail, not far from Cerro Ruido? Father Kino himself took this trail at least once. It should be remembered that more than a century elapsed from Father Kino's death to the time when all old missions were abandoned. The most logical place, a day's journey from the southern missions towards the Santa Cruz missions, would be at the foot of old Cerro Ruido, where water is always found and where a small church or building would shelter the traveler for the night.

An intriguing tale the writer heard while prospecting in the Pajarito mountains is the story of the mystery of Cerro Ruido. All names are fictitious by request of Bill Walters, who told the story, and by his request no information can be furnished as to details not related.

Bill Walters' friend, whom we call

David Davidson, or Davie, was a young Scotch veteran of the first World War. Bill, himself, was a civil engineer on a west-coast railroad, and the two spent a month or two each year at the ranch of Don Felipe, a mutual friend who had worked with them on the railroad but had retired to his ranch a few miles from Cerro Ruido.

Davie, who had survived Vimy Ridge and a shell dump blowup, sought nothing but peace for his soul, and the tranquil spots near Cerro Ruido held him in a continuous spell. His romantic nature was a fertile field for stories of lost missions and old Spanish mines which Don Felipe and others related. He had heard of the maps or old documents purporting to locate those mysterious lost places, but Bill Walters had prevailed upon him not to invest cash in such enterprises, as he was skeptical and preferred to work in places indicated geologically as locations of ore deposits. However, after much argument, Bill agreed to help Davie establish a small camp not far from the end of the last dim road southward from the ranch to the ominous cliffs of Cerro Ruido.

The weather being warm, equipment could be scaled down to the amount Davie could carry in his old Army pack, including enough grub for a week, one blanket, canteen, shovel, and an old camera. Water was plentiful in pools, so Davie had all he needed for the first week, at least. Bill would take him in his pick-up truck to the end of the old road, and in ex-

actly one week would be there with grub for another week. Meanwhile, Bill would spend his time close to Don Felipe's ranch, prospecting when he felt like it, or simply resting, talking over old times on the railroad in Mexico.

At the end of the old, dim road the two friends parted, after many warnings from Bill about not camping in any of the washes, as the rainy season was at hand and floods could be expected any day. He also warned Davie about the dangers of old tunnels or shafts in the summer, due to the bad air not circulating in cool places, and instructed him to test the air first with a piece of lighted candle. If the candle went out, Davie was also to get out as quickly as he could.

The first week passed quickly and, at the appointed time, the two men met at the rendezvous. Davie thereupon related the events of the days just past. He had found a place where a large amount of dirt and rock had been cast down into a big wash.

Davie's attention had been attracted by a green tree growing out of a crack in the rocky slope near the top of the pile of dirt. Bill told him it might be an old tunnel entrance buried by rock slide, and that the tree was getting moisture from water seeping out of the tunnel.

Davie became enthusiastic and told Bill he would do some work at the top of the slide and find out what was there. Bill again cautioned him about old tunnels, but gave him a small carbide lamp and some extra carbide in

case there was a tunnel and possibly an ore deposit. They parted again and agreed to meet one week later, little knowing what the coming days had in store.

The week passed slowly and the big summer thunderheads grew more threatening over the mountains. Old Cerro Ruido grumbled away to himself as if warning the clouds to keep their distance. Bill grew impatient, for some reason he could not explain, to get back to the end of the old road and meet Davie. The last night seemed endless; the moonlight reminded him of the nights he, Davie and Don Felipe had sat on the beach near Guaymas, on the Gulf of California, and watched the lazy phosphorescent waves curl over and break in long lines of green fire on the sand. Little did he know that while he and Don Felipe sat under the spell of the moonlight, Davie was having an adventure a few miles away which was to alter their whole existence.

As Bill wound his way in the truck the next day he was aware of apprehension. On arriving at the end of the road he was alarmed, as Davie was not there awaiting him; but soon he saw his companion asleep under a near-by oak. It was apparent Davie had been having an extraordinary adventure, as his clothes were torn and his face and arms scratched and bloody. Gently awakening him, Bill quietly awaited Davie's story.

After the two had parted the week before, Davie had gone back to his camp, an hour's walk up one of the

canyons leading from the north slope of Cerro Ruido. Early next day, he went farther up the canyon to work on the pile of dirt where the small green tree grew out of the rocky bank. After laboring all day with shovel and pick he uncovered a small opening in solid rock; but as night was approaching he waited until next day to continue.

The following morning, Davie enlarged the hole until he was able to see a tunnel of some sort, whereupon he shoveled back enough dirt and rock to enable him to slide down a few feet and find the bottom of the shaft. He then lit his piece of candle to test the air. A bat fluttered around the candle, but the flame burned clear and bright, so he made the carbide lamp ready for examination of the tunnel. When it was burning brightly, he threw its rays around the opening, uncovering a triangular tunnel in the solid rock, with the apex at the roof.

Beyond the dirt slide blocking the entrance, the tunnel was dry and even dusty. When Davie's eyes had become accustomed to the light he noticed that one side was piled high to the sloping roof with shapeless bundles. Striking one of these, he broke it open, and pieces of ore, glistening in spots or reflecting a bluish color, tumbled onto the floor. Upon closer examination Davie saw the bundles were cowhides shaped into sacks, dry and brittle with age. Mentally noting the height and length of the pile and the weight of the ore, he estimated the total to be about 30 tons. Each piece of ore was

extremely heavy, owing to the galena or lead sulphide in it; some of the pieces were bluish or black and in the bright light of the carbide lamp showed many glistening specks.

The presence of the bats in the tunnel and the freshness of the air indicated to Davie's amateur mining knowledge that somewhere there must be another opening, so he explored slowly to a point where the tunnel curved out of sight. About 50 feet inside, it narrowed to a width of about five feet, and was as high as his head. An opening followed upward toward the angle made by one side of the triangular-shaped entrance, with a vein of whitish talc forming the hanging wall of a thick ore body about two feet wide.

A log juniper with steps cut in it leaned against the side of the tunnel, and another log, similarly cut, reached upward into the opening. As he continued he saw more such openings, which occurred at intervals, all the way to the end of the tunnel about 400 feet inside the mountain. At this far end, the blue-and-white vein ran obliquely across the tunnel and disappeared under the floor. There were a number of drill holes in the rock which were all stopped with wooden plugs, one of which, being loosened, disclosed the hole filled with a whitish powder. Bat guano thickly covered the floor, and hid from Davie's sight any tools which might be there; but two long sticks leaning against the wall, evidently made from sotol bush, crumbled to powder at his touch.

Returning to the entrance, Davie filled his pockets with the ore and scrambled out into daylight. Examining the ore again, he was dismayed to see the yellow specks, which he thought were gold, turning black in the sunshine; but the blue ore remained the same. Even his limited knowledge told him the ore was rich in something.

As several days remained before Davie was due to meet Bill, he decided to explore the canyon towards its head. The following day he wandered up a side canyon leading to the top of the big mountain and crossed a small divide to another. How far he walked he was unable to explain later, owing to the exciting events ahead. As he walked along this new canyon he found himself between the vertical walls of a high gravel-and-loam bank through which the wash had recently cut, and was just about to retrace his steps when he saw a small side gulch affording a precarious foothold, up which he scrambled until he reached the top.

Pausing for breath, Davie found he had come out into a small park-like glen in the canyon, bare of trees but heavily grown over with dry yellow grass or *zacate*. The trees surrounding the glen made a beautiful setting for what he saw as he turned around. Only a few yards away was the smallest yet most imposing building he had ever seen. As he stared at what he thought must be a dream, he suddenly realized he had found a church in the wilderness—a church so small, yet so

complete in outline, that it could be mistaken for no other building. It stood on the brink of the canyon up which he had traveled, the vertical walls of which were high enough to cut off the view until he scrambled out of the deep wash. At first, he feared to go closer lest his weight should crumble the bank and undermine the building; but cautiously approaching the front of the little church, he stopped long enough to take in the details.

The front was of white stone, the same kind of rock which formed the cliffs. The front doors were wide open and swung inside, giving the face of the little church a vacant, staring outlook on the outside world. Above the stonework, the front was made of adobe bricks, which time had melted to mud, affording foothold for weeds and grass. Time had also cracked the front in many places, causing the entire arrangement of the stone masonry to become askew and threaten to tumble at any time.

At the top were two belfry portals, without bells, although one had originally held a bell, as clearly indicated by timber stubs sticking out of the sides of the portal. A few bats fluttered out of the interior, and as he walked around to the rear he found nothing but adobe ruins, with no roof; but the arched window openings were still erect. Mesquite trees grew thickly in the tumbledown interior.

The sun had slipped behind the ridge before Davie realized how rapidly dusk was closing in. He decided to wait for the full moon to light him

back to camp; while he waited, he fell into a reverie.

He could see the padres silently going through the big door up to the small altar, light the candles and kneel there. Silence reigned here two centuries ago as it did tonight while he looked back over the years and saw the worshipers at evening prayers. The quiet made his ears sing and he relaxed into the most tranquil mood he had ever experienced. Here was the peace he had looked for and here he determined to spend the rest of his life.

The moon rose in a red glow that turned to silver as it came from behind old Cerro Ruido. The little church was still in the shadow as he sat waiting for the full rays to light him back to camp. Not a sound came to mar his rest or bring him back to reality. As the moonlight flooded the glen it suddenly bathed the little church in its bright light and Davie stood gazing for the last time at the scene. For no reason at all he became aware of a tingling sensation creeping along his spine, down his legs and through his arms. He stood rooted to the spot as the chill crept up his neck and his hair bristled. How long he stood there paralyzed by something he could not see, Davie did not remember. A loud, bloodcurdling scream, unearthly and hideous, broke the silence, and Davie found himself, before the echoes died away, running like the wind down the canyon, through the brush, stumbling over rocks, falling and rising again, until at last he arrived, panting and shaking, at his camp, where he dived under his

blanket and waited for the unknown to happen.

Davie was next conscious of blinking at a bright sun as he awakened from a sleep of exhaustion. As this was the day on which he was to meet Bill Walters, he grabbed his ore samples, and his camera, and started down the canyon. Arriving early, he again fell asleep under the oak tree where Bill found him.

As Davie unfolded his story, Bill became intensely interested in the old mine, but was unable to fathom the mystery of the church and the horrible scream which had sent Davie headlong down the desolate canyon. He resolved to tackle the entire subject with Davie, and, if possible, to start mining at once at the old tunnel.

A plan of action followed quickly, shaped by Bill's wise and businesslike methods. Davie was to go back to the old tunnel and put up location notices to claim the mine, although he was not sure whether the spot was in Arizona or Mexico, due to his wanderings before he found it, and to the proximity of the international boundary line. Bill was to take the ore samples to Tucson the next day, also the roll of camera film which Davie had snapped during the eventful week. In their haste, Davie did not tell Bill what the pictures represented, but informed him there was one more exposure left in the camera, which Bill could snap at anything he chose on the way to Tucson, where the film was to be left for development.

The reason for selecting Tucson was

to prevent curiosity on the part of Nogales people who might see the pictures or learn about the assay value of the ore. Bill would simply say the pictures were taken in Mexico. Bill would also load up the powder, fuse and caps with which to start mining. Then they made an appointment for one week ahead, at which time Davie was to be at the end of the old road, from which point both of them would return to the scene near the old tunnel and make a permanent camp from which to prosecute their work.

As Bill and Davie parted, a few light showers gave warning of the summer rainy season. Bill watched his friend trudging back up the canyon, and had the feeling he should have made him await his return from Tucson; but he reasoned that Davie would take care of himself and that he would not go back to the mysterious scene of the night before until Bill was there to go with him.

Returning to Don Felipe's ranch, Bill got ready for his trip. The following day found him well on his way to Tucson before the big clouds gathered around the Pajarito range and blotted out the sky to the southwest. Arriving at the last summit on the county road before it joined the main highway, Bill turned for a last look back towards the mountains into which his friend had vanished. The entire sky in that direction was one black void, lightning flashes alone breaking the darkness over Cerro Ruido. A cloudburst was forming, in all its dramatic fury. Bill thought of the last film in Davie's cam-

era; he stopped long enough to snap a picture of the storm, then continued on his way.

After attending to the errands, Bill strolled about Tucson, hearing reports of a tremendous storm on the border. Not until next day when the newspapers came out did he know of the torrential floods and damage. As soon as he obtained the pictures and assays of the ore, Bill left at once for the ranch.

It was long after dark when he arrived, owing to the washed-out roads and muddy pools along the way. Don Felipe anxiously awaited him, and told him the storm had covered all of the Pajarito mountain area and that he feared for Davie's camp. The two men decided to go immediately to see if he was safe.

Early the next day, Bill and Don Felipe rode up the canyon on horseback. Signs of the flood were on every hand. Trees and brush were entangled in masses on all sides as they made their way, mile after mile, towards Cerro Ruido. In some places the rock slides had almost filled the smaller washes and the hillsides were denuded to the bare rock. They came to the head of the canyon where it ended on the steep rocky slope of the big mountain. They were in a wilderness of uprooted trees, slides and still running washes—but not a sign of a camp or their friend.

Darkness finally forced them to return. They took another canyon the next day, leading fresh horses to relieve tired mounts. Still no sign of Davie or a camp. Day after day for

weeks, the two scoured the hills and valleys along the sides of the old mountain. Their friend must be somewhere in that vast solitude, they felt, but where else to look for him was beyond their knowledge.

Years have passed since Bill and Don Felipe gave up the search for the man who had been so close to them and who had added another mystery to the tales of Cerro Ruido. The old mountain still grumbles his protest to those endeavoring to solve the riddle in his canyons. Many have sought the

answer since this latest bewildering tale—and no doubt will continue.

Don Felipe still takes a few days now and then to explore one more hidden canyon in the Pajarito range, but with dwindling hope and flagging expectation. Bill Walters is far away in the South Pacific, laying out airfields and roads in tropic jungles. But under the stars of idle, sultry nights, he lives again those days in the Pajarito mountains, when he and Davie thought they had uncovered the secret of Cerro Ruido.



Fish, not pie, in the sky

A superficial observer may conclude that the Eskimo has only a low form of belief in evil spirits. Yet the pagan Eskimo has a real, though vague, concept of a supreme Being. He knows there is an *Anuta*, a Father; he believes in a life beyond. He pictures the hereafter as an upper and lower realm, stocked with a multitude of reindeer, walrus and fish, where everyone may hunt and eat to his heart's desire.

What worries him, however, is his belief that spirits may help or harm him. To keep them kindly disposed, he scrupulously carries out certain established forms when it comes to hunting, clothing, eating and drinking, the

Eskimo Religion

Condensed from *Wings of Mercy*

birth of his children and the bestowal of names on them, and dying. Under threat of penalty, it is his duty to do certain things, abstain from others, in accordance with the spirits' wishes. Certain magical formulas, as handed down from father to son, must be used, especially in illness. There is a man in every tribe whose business it is to know the reliable and effective magical incantations and to prescribe rules of behavior in critical situations. He is the sorcerer or medicine man, and his advice is always asked.

It is a real mystery to the Eskimo how a person becomes ill in the prime of life. He understands that old men die of decrepitude and young from

violence. But when a healthy person gets sick, it seems to him that an evil spirit is involved. The sorcerer is then called in to drive it out. He goes through his wild-dance ritual, muttering magical phrases and incantations. If all this is of no avail, he concludes some member of the tribe has committed a wrong by which the spirit has been enabled to harm the patient.

After the patient has become delirious, no one will touch him. Bystanders listen with awe to his feverish fancies, for the words of the sick and dying are sacred, and his spirit, moreover, might seek revenge on the living if his last words were ignored. The pagan Eskimos firmly believe that neglect in carrying out the injunctions of their spirit ritual brings disaster to the individuals involved, even to the whole tribe. Many a white traveler has been murdered by them because he did not know nor obey the spirits' prescriptions. They feared disaster for themselves, and simply killed the transgressor to propitiate the spirits.

They also regard certain actions of their white visitors as sorcery. When Bishop Turquetil, in his early years among the Eskimos, administered Baptism to children in danger of death, he always took care to avoid ceremonies which might be interpreted as magical; and, as if wishing merely to lessen the child's fever, he would press a wet cloth on its forehead, squeeze out a few drops of water, and thus confer the sacrament.

Eskimos are condemned to live the whole year amid snow and ice, with

never a warming fire, and to struggle desperately for a bare existence; and among non-Christian Eskimo families there is an abysmal spiritual darkness. The very act of prayer seems entirely unknown, and their women submit to ignominy and degradation. Before she is born, or on the day of her birth, a girl is sold for life. As a wife she has no rights, but is a slave of the caprices and passions of her pagan husband, who may abuse her, then cast her out. A girl seems to have no value whatsoever. If a prospective husband has not been found for her before she is eight days old, she is doomed to die. She may be throttled, frozen to death, or otherwise killed. The slaughter of a girl without prospects of marriage is not considered wrong and sinful. Non-Christian Eskimos argue that no guardian spirit has any claim on her, nor any just grounds for taking offense over her death. When a Catholic missionary once reproached a mother for having killed her newborn daughter, she expressed surprise, saying, "Father, you have made a mistake. You think it was a boy I choked; it was only a girl!"

The paganism of the Eskimos is darker, colder, more desolate than their Arctic night, for the sun of faith never shines on them, and its light and warmth, so desperately needed, never enters their lives and hearts. As long as they remain pagans, they are convinced the Catholic missionary is their enemy; they hate him and make their hatred known. They either ridicule him consistently or show an icy coldness.

But once converted to the Catholic faith, Eskimos accept the missionary as their best friend. Bishop Turquetil is venerated as a grandfather. Missionaries instruct children, administer the sacraments, make long journeys to visit it and console the sick and dying. Because of these things, and because missionaries wish to lead them to grace, the Eskimo is grateful. But when he tries to picture heaven he sees a place where he will always have his fill to eat. One of the particular joys will be that of seeing untold numbers of seals, walruses, reindeer and fish. Never again will he go hungry. The missionaries do not rob the Eskimos of such joyous fancies, but encourage them and speak of heaven as a place of unending happiness and plenty, and the Eskimos take delight in anticipating these joys. In this way they get a glimpse, as in a mirror, of what it means to be allowed to see God.

It is interesting to see how they picture hell. I once read in an American paper that missionaries in the Arctic were not permitted to preach on that subject, since hell is described as being warm, and the Eskimos might wish to go there. The witty reporter gave his readers a laugh, but obviously he had never visited the Arctic; otherwise he would have known that no one is more afraid of fire than the Eskimo.

When one of the Mounted Police finds his cottage crowded with Eskimo visitors who have been hanging around all day, he finds it futile to hint that they take their leave. This would only make them stay longer. Neither must

he speak sharply, for he likes them. What then can he do? Without attracting any special attention, he walks over to the stove. He puts ten scoops of coal on the fire and keeps on telling stories to the Eskimos. They begin to sweat. In a little while the coal is a fiery red. The trooper puts on ten more scoops. The glowing stove turns white. By this time his guests are restless. That is not water oozing from their pores, but pure oil. It is standing on foreheads and cheeks, and running on noses. The Eskimos can sit still no longer. An itchy feeling runs over them from head to toe. Though the sergeant looks comfortable enough, clad only in shirt and trousers, it is so hot the Eskimos look as if they are taking a Turkish bath in their furs. As the sergeant turns to put still another ten shovels on the fire, the Eskimos run out as if shot from a cannon. He has managed things without hurting anyone's feelings.

Having to struggle relentlessly for existence, the Eskimo is forced to keep his eyes on the essential. He becomes an enemy of all superficial, childish flattery and insincerity. Bishop Turquetil says, "They are the most worthy (that is, the best prepared) people for the reception of the Gospel." He believes that after a few generations they will be fit to supply their own ranks. To watch them at prayer is an incentive to devotion.

Catholic mission stations in the eastern Arctic number 13, each a center for a large district, all on the sea. As Eskimos are nomads, they visit the mission station only two or three times a

year. A trading post of the Hudson Bay Company is usually found near a mission station, and whenever Eskimos come to barter the trophies of their hunt, white-fox, blue-fox, and polar-bear pelts, walrus tusks, ivory, sealskins, and other things, they also attend to their religious obligations. They assist at Mass each day and receive Communion. This season might be called flood tide at the little churches. When the Eskimos depart after a two or three-week stay, a long ebb-tide season sets in at the church. If from 200 to 300 families attend church when the tide is high, not more than one or two, who happen to make their homes near the mission and trading post, may be there when it is low. Quite frequently the priest is all alone at the church. During the slack sea-

sons, however, the missionary harnesses his dogs to the sled and visits his flock in far corners of the surrounding wastes of ice and snow.

What a transformation it would make if there were a few airplanes in the enormous vicariate of Hudson Bay to establish regular mission facilities in the far-flung Eskimo camps! A Church which flies to the aid of the widely scattered Eskimo nomads seems a type of Church worth striving for in that territory, and the Catholic Eskimos would be happy if they could feel assured of full provision for their religious needs. No longer would there be lengthy ebb tides in the mission churches on the coast of the Arctic ocean, away from the hunting grounds. "Flying chapels" would make the rounds.



Parasite

Among the ancient Greeks and the Romans who spoke Greek there was a class of men who learned how to make themselves welcome at the tables of rich men by providing dinner entertainment of a flattering nature. The Greeks applied to such a man the term *parasitos*, made up of two Greek words, the preposition *para* meaning "beside," and *sitos* meaning "food."

Though etymologically anyone eating beside another could be a *parasitos*, the term came to be applied specifically to those who without doing any useful work managed to be supported by wealthy men whom they flattered or entertained, usually at meals. The term was transliterated into the Latin as *parasitus* and into English as *parasite*. While its primary meaning was close to the original Greek significance of the parts which make up the word, it has come to have a wider signification. For example, in biology *parasite* is applied to a plant or animal living in, on, or with some other live organism from which it manages to obtain food, shelter, and other advantages.

David T. Armstrong.

My Polish Children

Of such is the kingdom

By GERALD RABE, S.V.D.*

THERE WERE 19 Polish children at the Displaced Persons camp near Ansbach, Germany, who wanted to make their First Holy Communion. There was no one around to prepare them, so I decided to get on the beam. I had Valy, who speaks perfect Polish and German, round up the kids for me, no easy job in a camp of 5,000 people. We forthwith held our first catechism class. I explained in German; Valy translated into Polish.

Although only three of the 19 children had ever been to school (open only to "supermen"), I found it extremely pleasant to work with the youngsters, and they in turn seemed to enjoy themselves. They paid strict attention, said their prayers devoutly. Some tots were afraid at first, but they soon got over that.

When we made arrangements for the next class, one bright-eyed youngster piped up, "But, Father, we have no watches nor clocks. How are we to know when it's time for class?"

I promised I'd send out American Scouts and Raiders to hunt them up. They smiled, and happily skipped out, clutching some gum and candy I had brought along.

When I arrived at headquarters that evening, there were Polish refugees from two other DP camps in Germany; they wanted me to come to their camps for Mass and weddings and Baptisms and First Communions.

Then the big news broke: "4th Divi-

sion to the States!" I was numbed at first, just as on V-E Day. Only after a while did I realize what it meant. Then I began to thrill to the prospect of going home; and at the same time, I began to get "butterflies in my tummy" at the prospect of invading Tokyo.

Most of all, I began to worry about my First Communion children. I dashed to the DP camp and had a hurried conference with the Polish captain and his wife. They asked me to try to finish the job. It might be months or years before they'd find anyone interested enough to prepare the children for confession and Communion.

Only four more days before our division would pull out! I immediately called a catechism class and gave my little youngsters a stiff workout. Before today's class, the children didn't know how to fold their hands correctly; they didn't know how to genuflect; they didn't know how to prepare for confession, how to go to confession, how to make the Act of Contrition, how to receive Holy Communion, nor how to make their thanksgiving after Communion. But when I concluded one of the most intensive catechism classes I ever gave in my life, the kids knew everything necessary. They proved it at the end of two and a half hours, when each child gave an individual demonstration. At the end of one hour, I had given each of the kids a piece of candy and told them to go outside for

*See CATHOLIC DIGEST, Jan., '45, p. 36.

a ten-minute break. After just three minutes had elapsed, all the children suddenly appeared at the door. They were waiting eagerly for the next period! I had to chase them outside again.

Valy did a swell job as interpreter. Between the two of us, we really kept the kids on their toes. But Valy is a top-flight athlete and doesn't have the infinite patience so necessary when teaching youngsters. At times she was a bit rough; then I would step in and feed the children a little "honey" and they would all smile again.

The next day I had my third and final class. In just those three classes, I hope the kids picked up as much religion as I picked up Polish. Without the slightest difficulty, I could prompt any pupil who happened to slip up on the Polish Act of Contrition.

While practicing confession, one of the youngsters knelt in our make-believe confessional, going through all the essential points of confession. When it came time for the penance, I told the youngster, "*Pokuta: sto stroj-
was Marjas.*" You should have seen everybody look up! But when they saw me laughing, they began to laugh, too. I had said in Polish: "Your penance will be 100 Hail Marys." The kids caught on quickly. "That's what we get for teaching him how to count in Polish!" they said to each other.

June 9, 1945, was the big day. First Communion wasn't my only worry. I also had 19 marriages which preceded the Mass. After a previous 31 Polish weddings, I was now more confident

in asking the questions in Polish. I also had five Baptisms scheduled, but I simply couldn't handle 19 weddings, the First Holy Communions, and five Baptisms alone. Luckily, I managed to get a Greek-Catholic priest to help me out. He was from the Ukraine, and could speak a little Polish.

High lights of the morning were my First Communion youngsters. They did marvelously. All went to confession before Mass.

The marriages began at 10 A.M. The kids sat through the weddings patiently and waited for their big moment of Holy Communion, which came around noon. They had been fasting since midnight. Before Mass, I had expressed my concern to the mothers about the children fasting so long. "They can stand it," the mothers assured me. "More than once the 'super-men' made them go hungry."

After Mass, I wished the young brides and bridegrooms health, joy, God's blessing, and a safe return home.

I next spoke to my First Communists. I reminded them of the pleasant times we had together in catechism class. And when I told them how I hated to leave them, even though I was going back to America, all began to cry, right in front of the 2,000 persons in the auditorium. From the altar, I bade the people "*Dowidzenial!*" (Good-by!). The 2,000 Polish people replied, with one voice, "*Dowidzenial!*"

I took photos of the married couples, while my youngsters went to eat breakfast. Then I skipped over to the classroom, where my pals had "cleaned up"

on their treat of white bread, peanut butter, and cocoa. I distributed pictures, medals, Sacred Heart badges—and candy! There was a steady flow of "Oh-h-h-h's!" and "Ah-h-h-h's!"

Breakfast over, I snapped a few pictures of my young friends. Then all the mothers of the First Communions came up to me, kissed my hand, and thanked me for being so wonderful to the children. One mother kept begging me, "Father, please stay with us!" I had to hurry away, or they'd have seen tears in my eyes. I ate dinner with the Polish captain, his wife Valy, and the Greek-Catholic priest from the Ukraine.

At 2 P.M. I made a decision. I recalled that for the last six years in Germany my Polish children had been confronted with signs which read: "Dogs and Polish people stay out!" For six years my Polish children had been banished from all the Catholic churches in Germany. Today, they had made their First Holy Communion in a former garage. There wasn't any First Communion candle. Only a few of them had any good clothes, not to mention First Communion suits and dresses! I made up my mind: "These Polish youngsters will never forget their First Communion day!"

I ordered a big truck. I went over to some of the GIs and collected 50 bars of candy. I had just received from someone at home a heaven-sent carton of chewing gum. So I was all set for a big excursion.

When the truck arrived, I piled the

children into it—but not before I had Valy in it, too. I headed the truck for the Catholic church in Ansbach. There, I led the children in procession to the first pews of the church. Germans looked on in wonderment—until they heard Valy talking Polish to the children.

For half an hour, the children knelt there, in prayer. As conclusion, Valy led them in some Polish prayers.

I again piled the kids into the truck and we headed for the wide-open spaces out in the country. I chose a beautiful meadow for our picnic. The truck stopped and I yelled to the gang: "Pile out!" After being cooped up in camp for weeks and weeks, they just let themselves go, rolling in the grass, turning somersaults, pushing each other all over the place, and having one grand time. I noticed that Valy was leading them in the acrobatics.

I played games with the gang, dished out chocolates and gum. The kids are swell to play with, just like American kids, only they scream and yell in Polish. I'd always repeat the Polish words after them, just for the fun of it, and they'd get a big kick out of that. Valy, ex-teacher of acrobatics, was always ready with a new game when we got tired of an old one. After four hours of frolicking, we were ready to head for home.

I had supper in the DP camp. The Polish captain told me how he hated to see me leave; how wonderful it was, after six years of being kicked around, trampled upon, and treated worse than animals, to find someone so sym-

pathetic and kind to his people, especially the children.

When I left the DP camp, my First Communicants were waiting for me at the jeep. They wanted to say, "*Dowidzenial*" shake hands, and give me a hug.

By next day, Sunday, two-thirds of my men had moved to a transit area. That left me with time to spare, and, for the very first time, the Polish people had a Sunday Mass in their DP camp. I was also happy because it gave my children another chance to receive Communion.

Though my catechism classes were the only religious instructions they had ever had in their lives, the youngsters were the most devout and pious children I have ever met.

After Mass, the 2,000 Poles stood outside the auditorium waiting for me. As I stepped out through the doors of the auditorium, the 2,000 raised their voices in cheer after cheer. Five Polish soldiers came up to me, stood at rigid attention, and saluted. The five soldiers (and they were husky!) then proceeded to grab me, and before I could even say "Hey!" I was flying high into the air. The crowds screamed and cheered. As I began to descend, I thought to myself: "Brother, here's a crash landing if ever there was one!" But, to my complete amazement and surprise, I landed back in the arms of those five soldiers as though I were landing in a featherbed. I must have gone into the air about ten times.

When the cheering, screaming, and tossing ceased, there was an ominous

silence. Everyone was waiting for me to speak. And, for the first time in my life, I believe, I wasn't able to put on a "gay front" as I bade these friends of mine farewell. We thought too much of each other to be gay at parting. I spoke about five minutes. Slowly, with heavy heart, I climbed into my jeep after I had said a final "*Dowidzenia*" and waved a last good-by.

The Polish children were standing in the first row, close to me. They were sobbing, and their eyes were red from crying. I drove my jeep right up next to them and stopped. "Don't forget," I whispered to them, "We have a date tonight—at six o'clock!" They nodded and smiled through their tears.

I was back in camp at six o'clock, to find the children eagerly waiting. Valy and I lined them up in pairs and then walked them out of camp for a little trip to town.

The girls walked first. Two or three still wore their white Communion dresses; the rest didn't wear white dresses because they didn't have any. One or two of the boys had dark blue suits but the other boys had only their weekday clothes to wear. But all had small homemade corsages pinned above their hearts. Artistically interwoven with the flowers was a Sacred Heart badge which I had given each.

Only a short time ago, all of these children had been on German farms, working, and I mean *working*, for German farmers. Only a short time ago, they had been "slave children," the Germans their "lords and masters." Only a few weeks ago, all Ger-

man schools and churches had been closed to Polish children.

My small-fry pals, you can well imagine, had something of an inferiority complex as they walked, two by two, down the main street of Ansbach, Germany. At first, they were very quiet. Some of the girls hung their heads and whispered "Oy-yoi-yoi!" at the realization that they were brushing elbows with the mighty "super-men" of Germany. But I didn't allow that to last long! With my small vocabulary of Polish, I constantly joked and kidded with the children, showing them I was proud of kids who had gone through so much. Not for long did the children hang their heads in shame at being Polish ex-slaves. They quickly perked up, snatched something of my spirit, and began to talk, laugh, giggle, and joke along with me, like free children in a free world. I made them forget that they had once been "slave children."

Our first stop in town was at the Catholic church. With folded hands, downcast eyes, and slow pace, the children quietly walked to the front of the

church, genuflected, and knelt down to pray. As I watched the gang pray, so sincerely and devoutly, I couldn't help but think of our GIs beneath the white crosses. The sweat and tears and blood—and lives—of our Americans had not been all in vain. They had opened for these Polish children the doors of the churches, and the gates of heaven!

From church, we walked through the city park and then to a quiet spot just outside of town. Here we sang and danced and played games and ate candy and chewed gum. Nine o'clock came all too soon. Reluctantly, we headed for home. Back in the DP camp, I took the children to our classroom. With a promise to pray for each other, with the hope of meeting in heaven, we again said "*Dowidzenia.*"

The kids lined up. Tears began to stream down their cheeks. Even some of the older boys, my best pupils, bit their lips and tried to hold back the tears; but they couldn't. Sometimes it was hard for me to see with whom I was shaking hands: my own tears got in the way.



Dr. Johnson on Conversion

A man who is converted from Protestantism to Popery, may be sincere: he parts with nothing; he is only superadding to what he already had. But a convert from Popery to Protestantism gives up so much of what he had held as sacred as anything that he retains; there is so much laceration of mind in such a conversion, that it can hardly be sincere and lasting.

From *The Life of Samuel Johnson, L.L.D.* by James Boswell.

Communism and Art

By RAYMOND KELLEY, S.J.

Secrets of surrealism

Condensed from the *Oregon-Jesuit**

Communism is pretty hard to nail down. It is a philosophy of "becoming." If it stands still long enough to be looked at, it simply isn't communism any more, at least at this stage of the game. All we really know about it is that it is a dialectical materialism and is up to no good. Bristling with deceits and contradictions, it travels in a smoke screen. It is handy with disguises of all sorts and at less than a moment's notice can pose as its own most bitter opponent.

In art, as in the other fields that receive its earnest attention, there are various shades of communism, from rabid red to pale pink. But the pure pigment, the genuine, undiluted article, is known as surrealism. It claims that any attempt to discredit or criticize it must present an adequate philosophical alternative, just as any criterion of dialectical materialism must.

Surrealism stems from the socialism of Marx and the psychology of Freud. But the man who gave it its present form as a definite movement in art is Andre Breton, the French poet, who issued the *Surrealist Manifesto* at Paris in 1924. Surrealism is a revolutionary, down-with-everything mixture of the very worst features of cubism, Dadaism and other so-called "expressionisms" of modern art. It embraces music, poetry, painting, sculpture, and photography.

The last three are often combined in a single work and the media used are oil, tempura, water color, plaster, concrete, wire, iron, steel, glue and old newspapers. Many of the artists show signs of being (or at least of having been) able draftsmen and technicians. Many show no such signs. All disclaim any preoccupation with technique, which they dismiss as muscular dexterity. They are materialistic, atheistic, immoral, amoral, antimoral, antirational, anti-intellectual and, of course, violently anti-Catholic.

One of their poets, after explaining that surrealist poetry is a wild, uncontrolled orgy of the imagination, says: "There is in addition to its art, its social function, its political function, its complete adhesion to the principles of dialectical materialism, its revolutionary position and its struggle against patriotism and the *bourgeoisie*. Socially, surrealism desires the liberation of men, and devotes itself to this end by all the means in its power: unremitting defeatism, demoralization, and aggressiveness." Henry Sykes Davies, an English surrealist, asserts that the surrealists are "rooted in opposition to the capitalistic system on all fronts; in its oppression and brutalization of men as workers, and in its subjection of them as lovers to that lowest of all prostitutions, bourgeois marriage."

*P. O. Box 198, Spokane, 2, Wash. September, 1945.

Now all this "boredom with the normal" has long been hatching; in fact ever since the normal became the normalistic. Maritain says: "The Renaissance was destined to drive the artist mad and make him the most miserable of men by letting loose upon him the wild beast, Beauty, which Faith had kept enchanted and led after it obedient, with a gossamer thread for leash."

With the disappearance of the ages of faith, that thread was snapped, and Beauty broke loose and went on a rampage only to find itself eventually degraded to the singular, material, sensate "beauty" of the new paganism. Intellect gave way to imagination, contemplation to mere tickling of the senses and by logical steps and steady growth, the strictly sensate art of the last couple of centuries evolved—from the dreamy, romantic, pastoral escapism of the Hegelian idealists to the dynamic, illusional impressionism of Renoir and the present-day "Pretty-Girl" school of advertising art.

It is against this shallow sensuous idea of beauty and art, this superficial "prettiness," that all modern arts are in revolt, and to understand surrealism it is necessary to take a quick look at some of its revolutionary predecessors. One of the first of those rebels was Turner, the English landscape painter.

Turner's sole idea was to replace the academic emptiness of the sense with a nonacademic fullness of the spirit. The surrealists, of course, condemn the positive but are all for the negative part of his program. Only they think it

didn't go far enough. They are quite pleased with his transforming his canvas "into a veritable torch of sensational fury." But they add, "A little dogged in spirit, he lacked the final courage to take leave of his senses, the vacation which every hard-working artist owes to himself."

The next to help us bring the surrealists into a much clearer focus are the Pre-Raphaelites. The Pre-Raphaelites wanted to get away from all the fancy doodling and daubing that they claimed had encrusted academic art since Raphael. They wanted to return to the simplicity of the nonstylized, nonprofessional art of the Middle Ages. They were serious and sincere but consciously attempting the unconsciously simple style of a former age. Their work wears an air of deliberate naïveté.

Here again, the surrealists applaud the negative, deplore the positive side of the movement, their criticism helped along by the lack of sincerity in the Pre-Raphaelites' consciously simplified style, a lack that cannot be covered up; for sincerity in a work of art is part of the concept of form that can be expressed only by the medium of the particular art, and in no other way. There is no way of describing it or pointing out its presence or absence. The intellect, by contemplation, must get it directly. Its absence is fatal. Its presence covers a multitude of artistic sins.

The next protest against the academicians came in cubes. The cubists, in revolt against the shallow trivialities of the impressionists, attempted to go beyond the appearance of things to ab-

stract the "real inner forms." Father Castiello, speaking of Picasso, says: "Here is no madman but an extremely able draftsman, experimenting in a new drawing technique. Picasso, like other cubists, was groping for the architechtonic element of things. He reacted against impressionism by going back to architechtonic objectivity. He painted, so to say, the ribs or skeletons of the objects he saw. However weird and strange his picture may appear, it is supremely consistent to itself. It is the child of thought; it is one; it has form."

This is getting closer to surrealism but it still differs in that "it is the child of thought; it is one; it has form"; surrealism, on the other hand, "has no 'one-ness,' no co-ordinating principle, no form. Each picture is an aggregate, a heap, a hash." Surrealism embodies the negative but none of the positive elements of all previous revolutionary movements in art. It claims to penetrate through surface to inner reality by means of the Freudian psychology of the subconscious. The surrealist strives for "automatism." He tries to blank out his intellect and will, somewhat as the user of a ouija board does. His imagination is "given over to the chaotic dominion of pure mechanical association," and the result is a conglomeration of insane configurations that, except for their unwholesome air, at times, of obscenity, might easily be mistaken for an enlargement of the doodling on a telephone pad.

But we can not dismiss surrealism with a laugh. It has enough of half-

truth in it for Surrealist Read to be able to say piously, "The more mechanical the world becomes (not only the visible world, but the actual process of living), the less spiritual satisfaction there is to be found in the appearances of this world. The inner world of the imagination becomes more and more significant, as if to compensate for the brutality and flatness of everyday life." But he unknowingly puts his finger on his own trouble when he says: "Both medieval art and surrealism agree in rejecting the 'real' or the 'natural' (by which he means the 'tangible,' the 'sensible') as the only aspect of existence. Supernaturalism, it is true, implies a dualism of spirit and matter; whereas surrealism implies a monism or identity of spirit and matter." And that is just where his artistic arthritis is. In his retreat from the "brutal reality of the material world" he has no place to go but to the "brutal reality" of his material imagination.

Contrasting the surrealist's predicament with that of the Hegelian idealist, who is stuck on the other horn of the monistic dilemma, Father Castiello says: "Hegel and with him all the idealists have made of the imagination and the senses a spiritual function. In other words, they have kept the intelligence and thrown out all the material processes. But the behaviorists (in art, surrealists surrealizing) have gone one worse. They have kept the material process and thrown out the intelligence. They have, to use a familiar metaphor, thrown out the baby and kept the bathwater." Surrealism, like

everything communistic, is destructive. But what about all that "other" communistic art, that modern "dawn-of-a-new-day" stuff; pictures of production, factories, wheels, gears, wrenches, clenched fists, and the proletariat; those heavy, black inky drawings of people that look like *homo pithecanthropus* in work clothes—isn't that communist art, too? No. None of it is. From the old "misery-of-the-masses" type up to the more recent light, bright "triumph-of-the-golden-overalls" type, not a bit of it is communistic art. It is communism in art but it is not communistic art. In fact, it can no more be called communistic art than the art that peddles other nationally advertised products can be called Pepsodent-istic, or Lucky Strike-istic, or Oldsmo-

bile-istic art. It is merely ordinary art in the pay of the advertisers. Marx himself insisted it was not the purpose of art to portray the plight of the masses nor even their hoped-for happiness in the communists' heaven on earth.

Yet just that is what most of us regard as communistic art. But that art, as art, is positive, constructive, not destructive. And when art has ceased to be entirely destructive, it has ceased to be communistic. For the Marxian synthesis in art, as in everything else, is doomed to repose in eternal potency. It is based on a philosophy of *fieri* or "becoming." Wherefore, someone has been moved to mourn that the communistic utopia is "just another '*fieri* tale' that can never never come true!"



Who is Insane

Five years ago in California a very prominent industrialist invited a fellow executive home to supper. Drinks were passed around. The host, stepping out a moment, returned to find his wife and guest arm in arm on a piano bench. He silently procured a gun from another room and pumped nine slugs into the pair at the piano, killing both. He was tried and acquitted. His defense, advanced by a clever lawyer, was emotional instability induced by sterilization. The man, some years previously, had had himself sterilized to save his wife the labors of childbirth. And so California has now 33,000 citizens who could commit murder, but could not be found guilty. Sterilization, it seems, may be either the remedy for insanity or the cause of it. And, sadly, the law approves.

Joseph A. Vaughan in *America* (6 Oct. '45).

Report on the Next War

By ROBERT TROUT

Atomoment's notice

Condensed from the *Saturday Review of Literature**

An author can lower the shades, lock the door, and settle himself with the latest story he has written. A motion-picture actor can watch himself at work until the theater closes. But the radio commentator when called upon to extemporize for a long period leaves the studio weary and dazed, with no clear idea of what he has said.

However, broadcasting companies have methods which permit the broadcaster who speaks without notes to see afterward how weird his words look on paper. I have read thousands of such words in the CBS recording room, and Columbia has made available to the public collections of broadcasts, some originally ad-lib performances, under the titles *From D-Day Through Victory in Europe* and *From Pearl Harbor Into Tokyo*.

Recently, after spending an evening with typed records of broadcasts when the war was ending and with letters from listeners, I found myself ad-libbing on paper instead of into a microphone. What impelled me to try to recapture the mood of many extempore war broadcasts was the number of listeners who wrote, after the Japanese surrender, that they were praying that I should "never have to do it again."

If their prayer is not answered, it is not likely that there will be printed records of broadcasts of the next war,

or any people to read them. Let's look ahead a little: Columbia Broadcasting System. CBS World News — Robert Trout. April 12, 195—, 2:07 A.M.

TROUT: Columbia's News Headquarters in New York, Bob Trout speaking. It's a little more than two hours after midnight here, and we still don't have much real news on the Pittsburgh explosion but — standing beside the teletypewriters in the news room with the portable microphone—I'll summarize briefly what we do have. Just 36—no, 46, just 46 minutes ago, the United Press and the Associated Press almost simultaneously flashed the news that the great steel and iron center had been rocked by a tremendous explosion. Strangely—and of course we hope *not* ominously—there have been no details, since the flash, from Pittsburgh. We have had a flood of bulletins and dispatches from places 180 miles from Pittsburgh telling of brilliant lights in the sky and the huge roar of the explosion.

In a few moments we'll go over the dispatches that have come in during the past 15 minutes. But first, I can see that—I can see through the glass wall on the other side of this news room that Columbia's Director of Public Affairs is at last in contact with Washington, so we now take you there, Bill Henry reporting for you.

TROUT: Back in New York again. As you could hear, we are still unable to bring you a report from Washington, although—despite the hour—that city is certainly not asleep. In fact, no more than half an hour ago International News Service reported from Washington that the lights were going on in the White House and State Department, but there has been no dispatch from Washington since I've been walking about with this portable microphone, while talking to you, and now, looking over some of the tape that has come in since we took the air—but nothing at all from Washington. However, there should—just a second, here comes a bulletin. (Bells.)

Over at the United Press machine now, those five bells you heard mean a bulletin just being tapped out on the UP machine. I'll read it as it comes.

DETROIT, APRIL 12, (U.P.) DETROIT WAS SHAKEN BY A HEAVY BLAST AT 12:58 THIS MORNING. EXTENT OF DAMAGE NOT YET KNOWN BUT INDICATIONS ARE IT WILL BE HEAVY AND IT IS FEARED THAT A NUMBER OF PERSONS LOST THEIR LIVES. ALTHOUGH THE EXACT LOCATION AND NATURE OF THE ACCIDENT HAVE NOT BEEN REVEALED, CITY OFFICIALS STATE THAT INVESTIGATION IS UNDER WAY TO ASCERTAIN WHETHER THE BLAST MIGHT HAVE ANY CONNECTION WITH THE EXPLOSION REPORTED EARLIER FROM PITTSBURGH. MORE. There is more coming, but not at the moment, for, after printing that one word *more* the machine has gone back to transmitting the continuation of a story on ladies' fashions—the usual kind of thing that can be

expected normally at this hour of the night. HATS, TOO, WILL BE MORE EXTREME WITH THE ACCENT ON DEVASTATING ALLURE THIS SUMMER—enough of that at this moment of tension.

This is a good time to repeat that we are not yet sure just what has happened, and while it does seem that a disaster has occurred, no good purpose would be served by becoming excited prematurely. At any rate, there is nothing to do at the moment except wait.

Our staff is being assembled as rapidly as possible. Maj. George Fielding Eliot, who used to be known as Columbia's *military* analyst back in the days when men still fought wars, should be with us in the news room shortly. Perhaps he has been delayed by the rather unseasonable thunderstorm rolling in from New Jersey. You have probably been able to hear, above the clatter of the news machines, the loud booms of thunder resounding across the Hudson river into this newsroom and this microphone.

As we are still unable—I beg your pardon. Yes? I have just been informed that, according to the Associated Press, an emergency call has gone out to all fire-fighting equipment and ambulances in towns as far north as Havre de Grace, Maryland. I'd better repeat that—towns as far north as Havre de Grace, Maryland. That's the wording of the message just handed to me. I can't be sure just what it means, but I am told now that this information—incomplete, as you can see—was telephoned by the AP offices in New York. Something wrong with

the AP wires where?—south of Trenton? Yes, the Associated Press sent that brief report by telephone as there is some trouble with the regular wire circuit between New York and Philadelphia. That one sentence doesn't tell us much but there will be more to follow as soon as the AP gets it; I don't know exactly *how* they are getting it. We shall see, later. Until a few moments ago, the teletype here, connected with the AP building right in New York City, was ticking away—it seems to have stopped now. In fact, there is a general lull. The other machines are silent also, temporarily; not often that it is so quiet in this office.

Perhaps, at this point, I should read you the accumulation of earlier dispatches from places *outside* Pittsburgh. Mostly, they are extremely vague, very few hard facts, and in none is there any hint of—any hint of hostilities; I started to say "war," but even the word "hostilities" sounds completely out of place—fantastic, utterly unbelievable in these modern times.

Still, without wishing to cause any unnecessary alarm, still there is some-

thing odd about this unusual quiet in this usually noisy room. Accidents—train wrecks, floods, and explosions—don't usually cut off the flow of news; on the contrary. Every news machine in the room remains silent, which I report as a fact, not to cause any—well, panic.

Now that is a harsh word, *panic*, but perhaps not too strong judging from the fashion in which our telephone switchboard, here at Columbia, has been tied up since the first flash—at exactly 21 minutes past one o'clock, New York time. Apparently, many who heard the first news on Columbia were not listening carefully, for there has been no official word—no unofficial suggestion, even—that any kind of war might have begun.

The second World War ended a good many years ago, and since then mankind has progressed in many fields, until . . . (several sentences missing; broadcast interrupted) and the jagged edges of girders . . . windows smashed and the smoke pouring in now. As soon as the lights stop flickering. . . .



Quotoons

Tactics: If medical men used the same tactics to earn their livelihood as politicians, there wouldn't be a healthy person in the country.

Burdens: God provides us with enough strength to carry the burdens of each day, but we take on tomorrow's troubles at our own risk. O. A. Battista.

More than meets the eye

Snow

By E. REGENSBURGER

Condensed from *Perpetual Help**

I'll bet you never heard of khaki-colored snow; or blood-red snow? It's been seen already; and not by patients with the DT's! Would you believe that the wind can take a field of snow and roll it up like a great white jelly roll? It can. Do you know that there are no two snowflakes designed exactly alike? It's a fact. There are countless facts about snow I'll wager you've never heard of.

For most of us a good snowfall means work; for small fry it means play. For a rhymester it awakens a string of rhymes in O. And for mystics it opens new revelations of the Most High. The morning after snow there is an anvil chorus of shovels scraping off miles of sidewalks. Better turn your collar up as you hurry for the bus or a flying snowball may clip you on the neck! This is the holiday of children: snow battles all day long; sleds and skis and roly-poly snowmen in vacant lots. The artists and camera fans wade out, and seldom return disappointed; for the prosy world around us takes on glamor after snow.

Most of us think of snow in bulk. Yet there are persons who prefer to study snow in terms of single flakes. They spend entire winters clicking their kodaks at tiny individual flakes; and then spend the rest of the year comparing and cataloguing them. For

snowflakes never take the same design; their varieties are amazingly infinite. To date over 100,000 separate snow crystals have been recorded. A man in Jericho, Vt., Wilson A. Bentley, has collected snowflakes as a hobby for the last 40 winters. He boasts a photographic collection of 5,000 unduplicated designs.

For men like him a snowflake is more than a fuzzy white blob that melts on the back of one's hand. It is an exquisite bit of filigree work to shame the pencil of the cleverest draftsman. There is nothing haphazard nor slipshod about a snowflake. It is flawlessly arranged, perfectly balanced in every part. It may be a star, wheel, or pointed octagon. But the marvel is that each is so uniquely original, distinct in design from all others of its class. And marvel mounts on marvel when we think that on any winter day billions of those exquisite designs are fashioned and scattered wholesale. They fall pell-mell on rooftops and deep woods out of reach and out of sight of anyone, fashioned for the sheer delight and glory of the Most High. It was the great St. Bernard of Clairvaux who found God in the leaves of the beech trees. There are a fortunate few today who admire His consummate artistry in snowflakes.

And yet this fragile delicate sub-

*Mount St. Alphonsus, Esopus, N. Y. February, 1945.

stance can leave us utterly helpless. Every town and city in the snow belt dreads a blizzard. Even with all our modern contrivances, a good blizzard leaves us as helpless as any hamlet in the backwoods. Our fast air transports are grounded. Express trains cannot stir. Telephone wires sag and snap. Shovels and snowplows are busy all day, and meanwhile millions of business dollars are being lost by the hour. If ever there was an example of the weak confounding the strong it is this. A city cannot have its morning paper, its milk for breakfast; it may not even have power and light—all because of myriads of those delicately beautiful water crystals that persons like Mr. Bently collect for their delight.

Persons who know say that nearly all the vegetation in our temperate zone owes its survival to the blanket of snow. Were it not for the warmth of the snow all the seeds and roots in the soil would be killed by frost. It is the thawing snow that soaks the soil with the first wakening waters of spring, brings up the yellow crocus in time for Easter, gets the asparagus ready in time for June. And there again we find in snow the wise and providential hand of the Creator.

There is no more fascinating phase of weather than a snowfall. Is there anything more beautiful than a tree after snow, its limbs and branches a delicate tracery of white against the sky? In the open fields the wind carves long rolling ripples. On fences and hemlocks you sometimes find loops and ropes of snow like tinsel on a

Christmas tree. And then there are the huge dunes and drifts scooped out like caves.

Not so common are the so-called snow rollers, which form on wind-swept fields when the snow is good for packing. Many a farmer's family have looked in wonder from their windows at the sight of their field strewn with what looks like hundreds of ermine muffs. These are the snow rollers. Sometimes they are huge and round like the balls youngsters roll to make snowmen. Rollers two feet high are not uncommon. One wide-awake camera fan in Oswego, N. Y., has pictorial proof of the rarest of all snow rollers: each had a hole through the middle. And a second fan caught another rare formation, a big cone of snow in his back yard. Well for him that he had proof, else not a person would believe him.

Yet more spectacular are the *penitentes*, snow formations common in the ravines of the Andes. They look for all the world like members of a huge and silent congregation standing in penitential silence, and the imaginative South Americans christened them Snow of the Penitents. They are formed by the uneven melting of deep snowdrifts and form the strangest sight in the winter world. Now and then similar formations can be found in the mountain regions of our own country.

If someone told you they had seen colored snow you might say, "Yes, and I saw a purple cow!" But there is such a phenomenon as colored snow.

Some years ago in Madison, Wis., the children en route to school had a great time making pink snowballs. It must have been like seeing the world through rose-colored glasses! The night before, a snowfall colored by tons of yellowish-red dust from New Mexico and Arizona had made everything pink.

On the morning of Feb. 25, 1936, brown snow fell over a large area of New Hampshire and Vermont. A meteorological study of this storm revealed that the coloring matter was a large cloud of dust blown from the great Dustbowl in our Southwest. In various parts of the world there has been green, blue, and yellow snow, on the testimony of reputable scientists.

But for sheer macabre effect, no other snow phenomenon can approach that of red snow. Unlike the other va-

rieties, red snow is rarely colored when it falls. The color appears after falling, owing to the growth on its surface of a tiny blood-red plant belonging to the algae family. These tiny organisms thrive in the snows of high mountains and the polar regions. And so rapidly do they grow that in a few hours what was once a snowfield of spotless white becomes a gory scarlet.

Although red snow has been known since antiquity, the unearthly sight of fields and rooftops looking like raw flesh can still make the skin creep. Early in the last century it is said to have nearly caused panic in New England. Terror-stricken crowds flocked to the churches believing it a portent of the end of the world. And if it happened tomorrow morning, I'm willing to bet pennies to pancakes you'd say a few Hail Marys yourself!



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Introduce the CATHOLIC DIGEST to your friends and neighbors, and earn extra income during evenings or other spare time. You'll be surprised how many persons have wanted the DIGEST but have been unable to get it up to now because of the paper shortage. Write now and details will be rushed to you. The CATHOLIC DIGEST, 41 E. 8th St., St. Paul, 2, Minn.

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Mass Rocks

By LIAM BROPHY

Hills were cathedrals

Condensed from the *Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament**

"Italy may have her vast basilicas, France her stately cathedrals, England her regrets, but Ireland has her holy places, her martyrs, and her Mass rocks." Thus spoke Archbishop John Joseph Glennon of St. Louis to the great concourse in Phoenix Park, Dublin, at the Eucharistic Congress in 1932. The story of Ireland's martyrs is closely bound up with the glorious history of the Mass rocks. It is no exaggeration to say that Ireland's three-century martyrdom was occasioned by her unwavering loyalty to the Mass.

It is sometimes erroneously supposed that the religious persecutions began with the Norman invaders. But they were of the same religion as the nation they came to conquer, and were slowly absorbed into the conquered race, so that of them the minions of Queen Elizabeth said, "They became more Irish than the Irish themselves." Ruins of the splendid Norman monasteries and abbeys scattered throughout Ireland bear testimony to the fervor with which the Norman families clung to the old faith.

With the Tudors, Ireland's slow martyrdom began. It commenced with the Act of Supremacy, whereby Henry VIII declared himself to be "the only supreme head on earth of the Church of England." The act was later passed by an unrepresentative Irish Parlia-

ment. The reasons for Henry's breach with Rome are well known. Lust and avarice were the chief motives. Churches and monasteries were plundered to enrich himself and his followers. But there is one pathetic redeeming point in his career: he did not profane the Mass. Moreover, he stoutly opposed Lutheranism. Had he not written a refutation of the apostate monk entitled, "A Defense of the Seven Sacraments," dedicated to Pope Leo X, who conferred on him the title "Defender of the Faith"? This title, which Henry received for his polemic, still figures on the coins and arms of English sovereigns. It was Henry's henchmen who schemed to introduce Lutheranism. Their main object was to destroy the central act of Catholic worship, and thus paralyze the whole. But Henry, weak in many things, opposed them to the end. His last request makes sad and ironic reading: "We do earnestly require and desire the Blessed Virgin, God's Mother, with all the company of heaven to pray for us; and that there be provided, ordained and set a convenient altar honorably prepared and appareled, with all manner of things necessary for daily Mass for my soul, there to be said perpetually while the world shall endure."

What little restraint Henry held over his fanatical followers was quick-

ly dissipated after his death, in the year following Luther's. The central point of attack was the Mass, for, being ex-Catholics themselves, rabid Lutherans rightly judged the Mass the source and sustaining fount of the faith. England, Mary's dowry, was quickly dominated, but Ireland never gave in, and from the death of Henry the tempo of religious persecution rose to the terrible crescendo of the penal days.

The first move was the introduction of the Book of Common Prayer, in English. This aimed at destroying Catholic ritual. During the six years of the reign of Edward VI little progress was made by reformers, who were scorned by native Irish and Norman settlers alike. Under the Catholic Mary, Ireland had hoped for relief, but none came. Instead, the native Irish were banished from their patrimonies and their rich lands given to English planters. After a brief reign, Mary was succeeded by the notorious Elizabeth, whose reign is remembered for the fearful wave of persecutions she initiated, carried on with fire and sword and that fanatical zeal of which only warped natures are capable.

Under Elizabeth the reformers directed their hatred mainly against priests. "No priests, no Mass," they argued. Shortly after she began her reign, Elizabeth appointed an ecclesiastical commission to ascertain how the law regarding compulsory attendance at state worship was being observed. She was told that the vast majority continued to attend Mass as if no law had been passed, and that the

educated classes threw open their mansions as Mass houses. They even sheltered priests forbidden to say Mass in public churches, lest they reveal their presence. She charged her chief secretary of state, Sir William Drury, to end this studied neglect and contempt of law. Drury was known for his hatred of Louvain, from whence priests were coming to replace the martyred. He complained that in Waterford "Masses infinite without fear," were being celebrated daily. A bishop and a friar there fell into his hands. He had them condemned to the rack, needles were thrust under their nails, and their legs and arms broken with hammers. After that, they were hanged upon a tree as targets for the soldiers. Fourteen days later, as the bishop had prophesied, Drury died in the same place, writhing in agony.

It was a common thing to cut off the thumbs and forefingers of priests to render them incapable of celebrating Mass. But few escaped so lightly. The martyrdom of Archbishop Dermot O'Hurley is typical of the treatment meted out to clerics. After teaching for many years at Louvain he was appointed to the See of Cashel by Pope Gregory XIII. Well aware of the dangers ahead, the newly consecrated Archbishop, although nearly 60 years old, set out from Rome. He landed in Ireland disguised as a seaman, but spies closed in and a few days later he was captured and brought to Dublin. He was promised pardon if he would deny the spiritual authority of the Pope and take the Oath of Supremacy. He

refused, whereupon he was tied to a tree and flogged. Later he was tried by pitch and fire, till his bones were exposed. Still he refused to recant. He was then thrown into prison and given restoratives, and a few weeks later brought before his judges. When blandishments and threats failed, he was hanged on a gallows outside the city walls. It was the signal for the beginning of the ruthless persecution of the priests. Fourteen bishops were martyred during Elizabeth's reign alone. Whole communities of monks and friars were slain before their altars.

Under the dictator Cromwell the wave of hatred against the Mass reached its pitch. His first act on landing was to slaughter the inhabitants of the town of Drogheda, for, as he said, "they had set up the Mass." His trail across Ireland was marked by smoldering ruins and blackening corpses. He would grant mercy only on the one condition that the Mass be abolished, "for," he said, "wherever the authority of Parliament extends the Mass shall not be tolerated." The Puritan Scourge announced that "where I have power I shall not—and the Lord is pleased to bless me—suffer the exercise of the Mass wherever I can take notice of it." During his period of office, native Irish were shipped to the Barbadoes to be sold as slaves to the planters, which accounts for the fact that so many dusky American citizens answer to the name of Murphy or O'Sullivan. In one year alone 60,000 were banished to the Barbadoes and other American islands because they would not yield. According

to the Rinuccini *Memoirs* entire colonies were transported as slaves in St. Kitts. Despite every danger, the exiles there established contact with the French settlers, who generously gave them spiritual help. This enraged the Puritans on the island, who tried to force the Irish slaves to attend their services. The transportation of the Irish went on all through the Puritan regime, so that in 1666 there were some 12,000 Irish in the Tobacco Islands alone, where they were forbidden the sacraments or any religious instruction. Yet, the exiles often braved torture to frequent the holy Sacrifice in the French chapels.

In the hundred years known as the Penal Times the hatred of Ireland's enemy for the Mass reached its last point of refined cruelty. It was of those times that the Protestant poet, Davis, later sang:

*They bribed the flock, they bribed the son
To sell the priest and rob the sire.
Their dogs were taught alike to run
Upon the scent of wolf and friar.*

The last lines allude to the fact that the same reward was offered for the head of a priest as for the head of a wolf.

When Mass was outlawed, and every house and hovel watched lest it should be converted into a Mass house, priests and people went into the hills and valleys and set up altars in the wilderness. There are the Mass rocks, still scattered through the Irish countryside as a symbol and a sign. They

have given their names to many places in Ireland. Sentries would be posted at strategic points on surrounding hills while the congregation gathered about their priest as he offered up the holy Sacrifice. But sometimes they were outwitted, and the little band of devout people would add their lives to the supreme Sacrifice. Like the Son of Man, the priests and bishops had not where to lay their heads, so that we frequently find such endings to their letters as *ex loco refugii* (from a place of refuge).

In the course of time the persecution began to abate. Mass houses were allowed as a concession, provided they were situated in remote places. They were no more than thatched hovels, just large enough to cover priest and altar. The faithful knelt outside in a vast circle.

The man who ended the long martyrdom was the great-hearted Liberator, Daniel O'Connell. In 1828 the British Parliament announced that it was no longer necessary for officeholders and members of Parliament to take the Oath of Uniformity, which bound those who took it to assent to all that was contained in the Book of Common Prayer. The Test Oath, however, still

remained in force. This contained a clause against the real Presence. When O'Connell was elected to Parliament he absolutely refused to take this infamous oath. The government feared civil war; therefore the Act of Catholic Emancipation was passed a few days before the Liberator presented himself before the House of Commons. Catholics were free to worship as they wished; their priests were free to walk abroad and not hide in caves as hunted creatures.

Slowly Ireland is learning to take an interest in the liturgical tradition of the Church. But as we recall that when Italy was building her San Pietro, France her Rheims, and Germany her Cologne, holy Mass was proscribed in Ireland by a foreign power, that instead of the grave splendor of Gothic or Romanesque architecture whereby to roof the altar she could offer only the roof of some mountain cave, or the interlacing branches of the trees above a lonely Mass rock in the glens, we learn to await with patience her future contribution to the Eucharistic renaissance of modern times, remembering what things she has endured in her long martyrdom.



Tired of C and K rations, a resourceful private on Guam managed, in his own way, to come by two chickens. Unfortunately, as he was returning with his prize, he ran head on into the chaplain. "Where did you get the fowl?" asked the chaplain sharply.

"Shot 'em, Sir," answered the doughboy. Then at the chaplain's dubious look, he added quickly, "Had to, Sir, in self-defense."

AP dispatch in the New York Times (9 Nov. '44).

Christmas in North Dakota

By HELEN C. CALIFANO

A first Noel

Condensed from the *Ave Maria**

It was Christmas eve of 1810 in the wilderness of what is now Minot, N. Dak. Father Lougain stepped from behind a clump of alders so stricken by wind and snow it had lost its identity. In a pause in the gale he could see the Indian village in the clearing ahead. He had reached journey's end. The village consisted of 50 tepees and a crude hut. The priest headed for the hut; it was closest and would prove more spacious than a tepee. Progress was hampered by his equipment, consisting of medical kit, Mass kit, and parcels, and by the fact that he had a small child with him.

Father Lougain knocked. Snow all but smothered the shelter; wind howled through its walls. An old squaw with gourd-shaped head and pocked face opened the door. She asked no questions, for she spoke no tongue other than her own; and the situation was self-evident.

As the Father entered, she pointed to a small bunk along the far wall. Then she knelt by the fire. Satisfied all was well with the evening meal, she looked over her shoulder. Concluding that a woman's services were needed, she lurched upright; the next moment she was bending over Father Lougain's patient. The child was still wrapped in blankets, only now it was possible to see her limp head, covered

by masses of purple-black hair. It was possible, too, to see her sweet olive face, and eyelashes so long they rested like corn silk on her tired cheeks.

Suddenly the squaw squeaked recognition and surprise. Her body began to quiver with excitement and a torrent of gutturals rose from her wrinkled throat. Father Lougain understood some Indian, though he had been working among the Dakotas less than a year. Wanda was the name of the little girl.

"I was right then," he said with satisfaction; "she is one of yours. I found her almost frozen to death in a stretch of woodland." He moved towards the fire. The cold had entered his blood and chilled his heart; his feet and hands were awkward with pain. The squaw followed the course of his tall, youthful form with dusky gratitude, her face like a patch of lit earth on the forest floor. Father smiled the smile of peace. He had trudged 20 miles off the beaten path in a terrifying blizzard, the like of which he could not have even imagined in sunwashed southern France, where he had been born, to bring an Indian girl back to her people.

He had been a good shepherd, who not only brings back his own sheep but all sheep that are lost. He recalled with pleasure an inspired passage from a volume on foreign missions, his con-

stant companion. He had memorized it because it described so well what he felt in his heart concerning his priesthood. It read: "The missionary priest will come closer than any man to the common denominator of all humanity. He will see hope where other men see blackness and will find God where others see nothing but evil. Sparks from the fires of his sacrifice will light souls living in darkness, and they will see the cross and the way to eternal life. Rightfully to fulfill his destiny, he must cut the Gordian knot that ties him to his people and cast himself upon the Lord. And it will be his badge of merit that when he has realized his calling his countenance will be as the Lord's."

Aware that now the old crone was swaying and croaking her concern for the little one, Father Lougain reached for his medical kit to administer restoratives. Wanda was even frailer than most Indian girls of ten, and dangerously languid from exposure and fatigue. He worked with that minimum of effort characteristic of men who know what they do. The study of medicine had been a requisite at his Jesuit seminary at Toulon and again at Rome. He had brought to that study, as he had brought to all his seminary work, the penetrating analysis and the academic point of view of a well-born Frenchman. He had brought, too, the high seriousness of a man reared in sanctity who at an early age experienced the sense of vocation. Watching him, the squaw relaxed. She knew nothing about the white man's medi-

cine, but her instincts concerning men were correct. She looked at the cook pots, then at the Father, enacting a pantomime to indicate that the food was ready. A moment later she disappeared through the drafty doorway to become part of the icy swirl beyond.

Alone with the child, Father Lougain's natural humility asserted itself. Whatever the moment of expansion he had so recently experienced, now he felt inadequate and young, and overwhelmingly homesick. A sense of unworthiness that had haunted him as far back as he could remember and had shadowed moments of personal triumph claimed him with fresh vigor. Memories of teachers and prelates who had watched him go forth on his North American mission with joy in their souls and prayers on their lips returned to sadden him. They had believed that from his sowing could come much good fruit. But he had failed to vindicate their high trust. He had made no converts.

Moreover, 35 miles away at an Indian mission where he had expected to spend this Christmas eve and the morrow as well, a group of faithful was awaiting his arrival. They would have to do without him. Nor would they have the holy creche in the chapel, as he had promised, since the figurines which had been sent from overseas were with him. He stared with unhappy fixedness at unrelated items about him: some owl and loon wings hanging from the ceiling, a beaver skull at his feet, frames for stretching hides covered with torn skins in vari-

ous stages of decay. France was far away.

Darkness was falling when the old squaw returned, accompanied by a younger woman and three braves. They entered on a gust of congealing wind, stamping their feet. The young squaw ran over to Wanda. Motherhood claimed her and made her soft; the far reaches of the firelight rendered her heavy face appealing. "Wanda," she said softly.

The braves, the rightful occupants of the hut, slouched over the fire to their supper. With great dispatch they crammed duck and squash down their hungry throats. They milled around at their end of the cabin, staring curiously now and then, but without hostility, at the priest, who, in turn, was making covert appraisal. Aroused by the general disquiet and her mother's mournful crooning, Wanda stirred, upsetting a parcel the Father had placed on the bed. Father Lougain pushed it gently out of sight under the balsam bunk. It was a Gesu Bambino which had been carved by a master craftsman for the Lougain family 400 years before the good Father had been born. Father Lougain had always regarded the Babe with reverence and affection; tonight, he identified it with all that was of good report in his past. The Gesu was dressed in a sweeping infant dress of white satin his mother had sewn with exquisite stitches for the Babe's first Christmas in America. Father Lougain wished to keep it by his side to stand between him and loneliness.

Turning to him very shyly, Wanda's mother endeavored to make white man's conversation with the mixture of jargon, gestures, and English she had learned at a trading post. Her eyes told him she was grateful. Her lips attempted an explanation of what had taken place. "Wanda hears story of Babee called 'Jeesou.' White lady at trading post tell Wanda. Wanda go find Jeesou. She tink that Jeesou give her present. I tell her dere is no Jeesou, but she no believe me. She go away to fine heem." She paused for breath, shrugging her shoulders hopelessly at Wanda's quest and its almost tragic consequences. Then she laughed the primitive, full-throated laughter of a woman long disillusioned, who can still be amused by the vagaries of childhood.

The braves and the old squaw joined in the mirth, the braves because they had understood and agreed, the squaw because her men were laughing. Outside was the fury of winter; both inside and out there was utter desolation. The brittle quality of the rude laughter against the background of the storm grew disconcerting and pregnant with evil. A sputtering log in the fireplace became a heinous hiss. From out of the sum total of sound emerged successive waves of mockery that filled the cabin with cries of pagan victory. Christ was being crucified with zest on the very night of His birth. Legions of an unseen foe were grimly gathering around a believing white man and his little friend. Father Lougain knew a crisis was imminent.

He prepared to meet it. Like a soldier on the eve of battle, he was fearful and weak and at the same time impregnable and unafraid. The blood drained from his face. He rose to full height and placed his hand upon a crucifix at his side. The gesture was that of a warrior drawing his sword. He was now the most important figure in the room.

When finally the laughter had subsided, Father Lougain began to speak. He waived difficulties of the moment with newly found mastery. His words reflected all the gifts of birth and training, all the grace of prayer, and spiritual discipline. "There is a Jesus," he declared. "He was born in a country called Judea more than 1800 years ago. Yet He still lives and will live forever. Angels announced His birth, and Wise Men came to worship, and bring gifts of gold, incense, and myrrh. He was born in a stable over which hung a star, and his mother was called Mary. He was the Christ, the Son of God; He came to earth to live and be crucified that man might have eternal life." In his earnestness, the young priest lifted his face as if addressing a congregation, and it rent the gloom like a white fire.

The braves listened with puzzled interest, the squaws with statuesque immobility. Only Wanda smiled knowingly, her thin hands nervously picking deep irregular furrows in the blanket fold. Some of this she had heard before. Father Lougain capitalized upon this fact by training the rest of his defense where it would do the most

good. Taking one of Wanda's restless brown hands in his, he went gravely on: "He sent me all the way from France to you here tonight, Wanda. He sent me because He loves you very much and wants you to know Him."

With the spotlight upon her, Wanda was overcome by alternate spasms of shyness and childish delight, but her only sound was to squeak like a little mouse. Her eyes roved from face to face to measure her triumph. Then she found her voice.

"Do He geeve present?" she asked excitedly. The manner of her asking implied confirmation. There was a Jesus; He had sent Father Lougain to her, then surely there must be the gift. Father Lougain stooped to claim the parcel which but a short time before he had sought to conceal. "Yes," he assured her smilingly, "He sent you a present. It's an image of Himself called 'Gesu Bambino.'" He removed the doll from its wrappings with tenderness, and adjusted its rich robe and gold ornaments. He cupped the cuffs of heavy lace protecting the Infant's clutched hands. Squaws and braves moved, as if magnetized, to where he stood holding his Christ on high like a banner, the shining glow of the white satin dress matching his face. For a moment he might have been the angel on the first Christmas eve, and the Indians the lowly shepherds. With one last caress he placed the Gesu reverently into Wanda's outstretched arms. "Keep it, Wanda," he said kindly, "and love it always."

Thus Father Lougain cut the Gor-

dian knot with his past and on a night when only the past made the present tolerable. For the first time as a missionary priest he had fully realized his calling and cast himself upon the Lord. In a moment of revelation he saw that never again would he greatly long for home, for whatever was best of the culture and faith from which he had sprung was embodied in his way of life, and could not be restricted to some particular plot of earth. The knowledge that this was so made the night holy and blessed as no Christmas eve had ever been. Redeeming compensation descended upon him and happiness so abundant that one heart could

not wholly contain it. Some of it spilled over into the soul of the little girl and some into the dull lives of her elders. Christmas had come to an Indian village, and Father Lougain had brought his first Indians to Bethlehem. Then the Lord, lavishly as is His wont, laid one last token of divine favor as a Christmas gift at the feet of His child and priest.

The little Wanda, savagely fondling the luminous white of the infant dress, immediately associated it with the color of her benefactor's face and his shining manhood. "I will luv Jeesou always," she said ecstatically. "He look just like you."



Flights of Fancy

A house swarming.—*Harold Schoelkopf.*

Let's remember: all wounds don't show.—*Bob Hope.*

Wears his stupidity like a halo.—*Emlyn Williams.*

Dear God, keep me on a leash.—*George F. Conjar.*

The sky was as though it were not.—*Mary Ellen Chase.*

So still you could hear a spider spin.—*Katherine Mansfield.*

The GIs crossed the Atlantic in cold steerage.—*John T. Tracy, O.M.I.*

She was tall and carried herself like a captured general.—*Paul Ernst.*

November: snow clouds on her shoulders, winter in her eyes.—*Jean Rasey.*

He thought a subordinate clause was one of Santa's children.—*Good Housekeeping.*

We shall not wake up in heaven wondering how on earth we got there.—*Bruce Marshall.*

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$1 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]

Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us.]

Hatcher, Harlan. *Lake Erie*; (*The American Lakes Series*). Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. 416 pp., illus. \$3.50. Geology, naval battles, settlement and steel as factors in history of stormy mid-continent lake, now center of our heavy industry.

Hopkins, Gerard Manley. *SELECTIONS FROM THE NOTE-BOOKS OF GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS*; ed. by T. Weiss, Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions. [31 pp.] \$1. Prose impressions of nature and flashes of self-analysis, mirrored by a poet's imagination.

Maynard, Theodore. *PILLARS OF THE CHURCH*. New York: Longmans. 308 pp. \$3. Notable personalities, each a focus of Catholic life in his time, from 6th-century St. Benedict to Mother Frances Cabrini of the 20th. Unity of faith holds together this group diverse in calling and nationality.

Mencken, H. L. *THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE: SUPPLEMENT I*. New York: Knopf. 739 pp. \$5. First part of an exhaustive sequel to the author's unique work on our native speech: conflict of "English" and "American"; sources from which the latter stems and is continually fed.

Moody, John. *JOHN HENRY NEWMAN*. New York: Sheed and Ward. 353 pp. \$3.75. The all but 90 years of Newman's life, evenly divided between the Anglican Church of his birth and the Catholic Church which he joined in 1845. Written to celebrate the centenary of Newman's conversion, this account should approach in popularity Moody's own autobiography, *The Long Road Home*.

Scrivener, Jane. *INSIDE ROME WITH THE GERMANS*. New York: Macmillan. 204 pp. \$2.50. American nun's diary, September, 1943, to June, 1944, for the period Rome was under German domination. Nazis and fascists at odds, and the Vatican's efforts to guard the citizenry against outrage from either side.

Sharkey, Don. *AFTER BERNADETTE: THE STORY OF MODERN LOURDES*. Milwaukee: Bruce. 166 pp., illus. \$2. Live, reportorial picture of the great pilgrim center that has grown since the days of the apparitions to Bernadette. Of interest to those who have read Werfel's book or seen its cinema version.

Stifter, Adalbert. *ROCK CRYSTAL*, New York: Pantheon Books, Inc. 94 pp., illus. in color. Boxed, \$2.75. A 100-year-old tale of old Bohemia; of two children lost in mountain icefields on Christmas eve, in prose as scintillating as the glacier it describes.

Ward, Maisie. *THE SPLENDOR OF THE ROSARY; with Prayers by Caryll Houslander; with Pictures by Fra Angelico*. New York: Sheed and Ward. 165 pp., illus. \$2.50. Pleasant employment for mind, eye, and tongue. Explanations of the 15 Mysteries of the Rosary, and a chain of reflections from Holy Scripture, the saints, and the poets.

Wilson, Charles Morrow, ed. *NEW CROPS FOR THE NEW WORLD*. New York: Macmillan. 295 pp., illus. \$3.50. The tropics of Central and South America as a field for exploiting new or improved crops. Authorities tell us the possibilities in fruits, drugs, forest products, silks, peppers, sugar, and flowers.